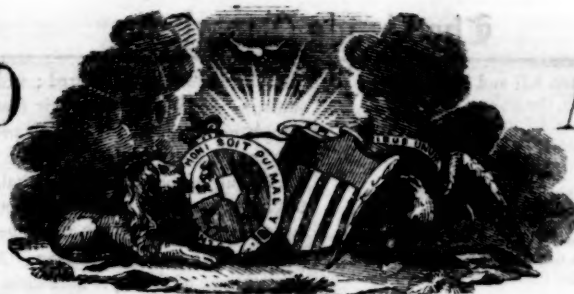


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THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

The lyrics of this new school are published in a paper recently established in Dublin, called *The Nation*; a paper bearing the most obvious marks of being chiefly conducted by young men; its articles are full of spirit and energy, but are not equally remarkable for temper and discretion. The songs published in this paper display considerable beauty, both of language and imagery, combined with intense feeling. The best pieces in the collection have fictitious signatures attached to them, intimating that the writers are natives of Munster, and this circumstance greatly increases the effect of the contrast between the new and old schools of Munster poetry. The new school leaves no room for mistaking the objects of its advocacy; no man can misapprehend the first song in the collection:—

The work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust ourselves alone.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion's past,
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in ourselves alone.

Aye! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love at best,
Is all we've found or can expect,
We aliens of the west.
No friend, beyond her own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons alone.

The "foolish word impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain;
No power can bar a people's will
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone—
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
Redeemed—erect—alone.

In the older ballads of Munster the allusions to oppressive exercise of a landlord's rights are faint and timid; but the *Nation* knows neither fear nor scruple in denouncing those whom they call Exterminators; "the Exterminator's Song" is one which has taken a strong hold in Ireland. We shall quote only the first verse:—

'Tis I am the poor man's scourge,
And where is the scourge like me!
My land from all Papists I purge,
Who think that their votes should be free—
Who think that their votes should be free!
From huts only fitted for brutes,
My agent the last penny wrings;
And my serfs live on water and roots,
While I feast on the best of good things!
For I am the poor man's scourge!
For I am the poor man's scourge!

(Chorus of the Editors of "The Nation")

Yes, you are the poor man's scourge!
But of such the whole island we'll purge!

There is but little adulation of O'Connell in these songs, and some opinions which he is known to entertain are not treated with much respect or ceremony. For instance, O'Connell speaks slightly of the United Irishmen, and he believes that their premature agitation was a principal cause of all the evils which Ireland endured at the close of the last century. We need not enter into any discussion of a subject so full of pain and peril, but we shall quote a spirited song, which proves that a want of sympathy with the United Irishmen cannot be attributed to the conductors of the *Nation*:—

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still live on
The fame of those who died;

All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.
Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made,
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.
The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth,
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from that clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.
They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.
Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight.

A few of the *Nation's* songs have no connexion with politics, and these are among the best in the collection. There is a spirit of melancholy music in a wild irregular melody, which bears the title of "My Grave":—

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!
Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse on the battle mound,
Where countless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!
No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
The matted grass may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind."
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

The author of these lines has contributed some of the most exciting of the war-songs to this volume; in one of them he directly offers his services as a volunteer:—

Let Britain brag her motley rag,
We'll lift The Green more proud and airy:—
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head the Men of Tipperary.
Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all little care we;
Give us to guard our native coasts
The Matchless Men of Tipperary.

We prefer the unknown Celt in his character of Alcæus, and would gladly see him abandon that of Tyrtæus, which is clearly not his natural vocation.

A little piece, bearing the signature Clericus, will remind our readers of Bryant; the Irish, like the American poet, "has touched the plaintive chords of memory, and waked an echo in every heart":—

Ah! why should I recal them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms sweet are gathered to decay?

The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;
But all in vain will memory strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each hour flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppressed:
Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from the gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be flung—
The fittest offering thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has not torn with racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

POPULAR IMPRESSIONS.

Under this head one of the new popular ballads deserve to be chronicled:—

SPURN THE SAXON SHILLING.

Ye, whose spirits will not bow
In peace to parish tyrants longer;—
Ye, who wear the villain's brow,
And ye who pine in hopeless hunger;—
Fools, without the brave man's faith—
All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell yourselves to shame and death,
Accept the fatal SAXON SHILLING.
Go—to find 'mid crime and toil
The doom to which such guilt is hurried;
Go—to leave on India soil
Your bones to bleach, accurs'd, unburied!
Go—to crush the just and brave,
Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling;
Go—to slay each brother slave,
Or spurn the blood-stained SAXON SHILLING.
Irish hearts! why should ye bleed
To swell the tide of British glory—
Aiding despots in their need
Who've changed our GREEN so oft to GORY!
None, save those who wish to see
The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
And true hearts severed from the free,
Will take again the SAXON SHILLING.

We pass over many pieces of power and beauty which are one-sided and inaccurate in their historical allusions. From time immemorial the plea in such cases has been—

Adzooks! must one swear to the truth of a song?

but the case before us cannot fairly claim this privilege; each poet affects to speak, not for himself, but for a nation, and his voice is more likely to be heard if its tones be marked by candour and kindness, than if he indulges in exaggeration, menace, and defiance. We wonder that an obvious inconsistency has escaped the clever writers of these songs; at the very moment that they are writing what they choose to consider as anti-English strains, their language is English, their imagery English, their metres English, and no small portion of their allusions and their tunes purely English. It would be no difficult matter to show that the writers of several of the songs before us have studied Milton, Shakspeare, and other English bards until they have become penetrated with their spirit, and though nationally Irish, they are intellectually, as was said of Fox, "all over English." This consideration ought to have suggested many abatements of that exclusive nationality which marks these songs, and it involves lessons of forbearance which may be profitably developed by the guides of public opinion on both sides of St. George's Channel.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE FALL OF MURRAY.

PART II.

But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Upbraid the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macbeth, Act. IV. Sec. 3.

The morning of that fatal day had arrived, the horror and atrocity of which may never be forgotten or forgiven, until the records of humanity itself shall pass away. That day, which, intended as it was by the infernal policy of France to strike a death blow to the reformed religion throughout the world, did more to unite, to strengthen, and finally to establish the ascendancy of that religion, than could have been effected by the arms of its champions, or the arguments of its professors, in centuries of unopposed prosperity; as though the fiend who suggested the counsel, had deserted his pupils in very derision at their blind iniquity. Nor in truth was the hallucination of the confiding Huguenots less unaccountable, than the unearthly wickedness of their opponents. It would seem that their eyes had been so completely sealed up, and their suspicions so obliterated by the marriage of the youthful monarch of Navarre with the sister of the faithless Charles, that no proof, however flagrant, of the meditated treason could awake them from their slumbers. Nor, when De Coligni was well nigh assassinated by the aim of an enemy, less scrupulous than the knight of Bothwellhaugh, could they be aroused, either by the crime itself, or by the eloquence which it called forth from the *Vidame of Chartres*, to see in this attempt "the first act of an hideous tragedy." Never were the extraordinary talents of the queen mother more evident, or more successful, than in the series of intrigues, by which the protestant leaders were amused, until the scheme for

their destruction was matured; and it is most remarkable that the very measures, by which she lulled their fears to rest, were those which laid them most completely at the mercy of their persecutors. It was recommended by Charles that the principal gentlemen of the party should take up their quarters around the lodging of the wounded admiral, avowedly that they might be ever at hand to protect him from the machinations of his foes, but in truth that being thus collected into one body, they might be butchered at ease without a hope of resistance, or a possibility of escape. A guard of honour was appointed from the musqueteers of the royal household to watch over the safety of De Coligni, but this very guard was under the command of Cosseins, his most deadly enemy; and lastly, with unparalleled baseness, Charles and his fiendish mother actually paid a visit of condolence at the bed-side of the man whom they had doomed to a miserable and disgraceful end.

All was at length prepared; the Duke of Guise selected, as the chief most fitted for the conduct of the massacre; the captains of the Swiss companies and the Italian *condottieri* were harangued and loaded with reward; the *dizeniers* of the burgher guards were privately instructed to arm their men in all the quarters of the city, to assume, as distinctive ensigns, a white cross in their hats, and white scarfs on their arms, to kindle flambeaux in every window, and when the palace clock should sound, as it was wont to do, at break of day,—to fall on and leave no Huguenot alive within the walls of Paris. Nor was this all; in every town throughout the realm, like orders had been despatched by certain hands to all the Catholic governors, so that the striking of that bell in the metropolis should be repeated from every tower in France at the same hour, a signal for simultaneous massacre, a knell for thousands and tens of thousands of her bravest and her best. One circumstance, however, had occurred, which in no slight degree embarrassed the proceedings of the royal executioners, and yet it needed all the influence of Catharine to hold her weaker, yet no less wicked, son firm to his resolution.

The whole day succeeding to their interview with Hamilton, had been spent by that bad pair in expectation amounting almost to agony. In obedience to the mandate of his master, De Crespigny had departed, with three ruffians of the guard, to seal the tongue of Bothwellhaugh for ever. The gates of Paris had been closed, and the escape of the victim seemed impossible, nor could it be imagined for a moment that one unsupported foreigner could successfully resist the arms of four assailants selected for their skill, no less than their ferocity. Still hour after hour crept along, and no tidings arrived of the success or failure of the enterprise, till on the very morning of the intended massacre, the stiff and mangled corpses of all the four were discovered among the shrubbery of the royal gardens, bearing fearful marks, on head and trunk, of the tremendous weapon which had laid them low. That they had perished by the hand of Hamilton was evident, but to the means by which one man had defeated and slain four antagonists, each at the least his equal in strength, no clue could be discovered; nor could the most diligent enquiries throw any light upon the subsequent movements, or the present residence of the victor. Indeed, from the moment of his dismissal from the king's apartment, no one appeared to have seen or heard aught of an individual far too remarkable both in personal appearance and in dress to have passed unnoticed amidst the idlers of the metropolis. It was, nevertheless, certain from the demeanour of De Coligni, and of his unsuspicious friends, that, hitherto at least, no discovery of their meditated destruction had occurred; and although probable that the indignant Scot, on finding himself singled out for death by his frustrated employers, should have revealed the whole conspiracy, it was yet possible that the same high-minded though mistaken spirit, which had urged him to avenge himself on his own personal oppressor, while neither fear nor favour could induce him to play the hireling stabber's part, might now prevail on him to conceal that villany, however he might abhor and shrink from its fulfilment, which had been imparted to him beneath the seal of private confidence.

The night drew nigh, and with the darkness of the heavens a heavier gloom fell on the spirit of the king; an eager, fretful restlessness took place of his wonted dignity,—his eyes glowed from their hollow sockets with a wild expression of misery, and the changing flush which now crimsoned his features, now left them as sallow as the lineaments of a corpse, gave awful tokens of a perturbed soul. Not an instant did he remain at rest, one moment flinging himself violently on a seat, then striding with unequal and agitated steps across the floor, like the chafed hyena in its den. Now swearing the annihilation of the Huguenots with fearful blasphemies, now accusing his advisers, and even his dreaded mother herself, of impious superstition and remorseless frenzy. "It is ye,"—he said—"who have driven me to this abyss of guilt! It is ye who reap the profits of the sin! but it is I, miserable I! that shall be blasted through endless ages by the hatred of men, and perhaps by the wrath of God;"—and he sunk in an agony of tears upon the couch, which rocked beneath the violence of his convulsive anguish.

"Go to!"—cried Catharine, with undissembled rage—"Go to! thou coward boy, talk not to me of conscience and condemnation! Thinkest thou to hide from me who have watched it from your earliest years, the secrets of that craven heart. 'Tis not the wrath of God—'tis not the hatred of posterity that thou dost fear. Say rather that thou dost tremble at the despair of thine enemies, that thou dost shrink in terror—base terror! from one weak, aged, wounded mortal!—Out, out upon thee for a miserable dastard! Nay, rather, out upon myself, that I have borne a coward to the house of Medicis!"

"Darest thou,"—shouted the boy, springing from his seat, and confronting her with equal fury,—"*Darest thou say this to me!*"

"All men will dare do so,"—she answered scornfully,—"*All men! tête Dieu, all women will dare to call thee coward!* Will pray to the saints in their extremity, that they may give birth to idiots, monsters, anything,—but such as thee!"

"Mother," he cried, gnashing his teeth with rage, and playing with his poniard's hilt,—"Peace! peace! or by Him who made me, you shall rue this hour. Tremble!"

"*Lache! Poltron!* Wouldst thou bare thy weapon on a woman,—and that woman one who fears it less than thee!—which for thy life thou durst not handle in the presence of De Coligni. Tremble?—thinkest thou that I could tremble, if I would; thinkest thou that I, the destined champion of the Faith,—that I, the Saviour of the Holy Church,—I who was preordained, before mine eyes beheld the light of day, to quench the light of heresy in blood,—that I who, if thou darest to hesitate, will take the guidance of the matter on myself, and win that glory here, that immortality hereafter, the brilliancy of which is more resplendent than thy dazzled eyes can bear to look upon, thy vacillating mind to comprehend,—that I know how to tremble?"

Her vehemence prevailed! the current of his thoughts directed into another channel, and it was now with no small difficulty that she prevailed on him to await the result of the execution in the galleries of the Louvre, rather than to sheathe himself in steel, and sally forth at the head of the murderers, to prove his valour and to glut his newly awakened thirst for blood!—Yet though she had thus confidently spoken of the glory, and the undoubted success of the conspiracy, in her own secret soul she shuddered! not with fear, not with remorse, but with devouring care, with all engrossing agitation. Every trivial sound that echoed through the royal corridors, every distant peal of voices from the street, even the stealthy footstep of the attending courtiers, or the sudden shutting of a door, struck on her guilty ear with a power hardly equalled by the loudest thunder. The glittering board was spread, the choicest viands served in vessels of gold, the richest vintages of Auxerre and Champagne, flowers, and fruits, and perfumes, all that could tempt the eye, or minister to the gratification of the senses, were set before the royal conclave. The goblets were filled and drained, the jest passed round, and smiles, human smiles, illuminated the features of those who were plotting deeds worthy the arch-fiend himself. The boy king and his brother, half-maddened by the excitement of suspense, the delirium of meditated guilt, and the fiercer stimulus of wine, could scarce refrain from bursting into open fury; while their craftier parent, even as she yielded to the intoxication of the moment, never for an instant forgot the dreadful responsibility which claimed the fullest exercise of her keen energies; and, although she lent herself so entirely to the accomplishment of her present object,—the winding up of her son's vacillating courage to its utmost pitch,—she had yet an ear for every remote murmur, an eye for every varying expression that might flit across the brow of page or chamberlain; an almost superhuman readiness of mind, that would have defied the most critical emergency to find it unprovided with some apt expedient.

Stroke after stroke the heavy bells rang midnight, and it seemed, to each of those excited minds, as though an age elapsed between each fast-repeated clang. Another hour had yet its course to run, before those *matins*, whose name shall never be spoken without abhorrence, while the world endures, should sound the condemnation of a people. Another hour had yet to creep, or to career, above their heads, before ten thousand sleepers should be awakened—NEVER TO SLEEP AGAIN!—The flowers had lost their fragrance—the wine palled on their deadened palates,—the lights, reflected by a hundred plates of crystal, seemed but to render darkness visible. Yet who could calmly sit and count the minutes that were to marshal in that morning of indiscriminate slaughter, who could endure to listen to the monotonous ticking of that clock, the earliest chimes of which were to be answered by the groans of dying myriads?

"*Allons!*"—at length exclaimed the callous mother,—"*nous nous ennuions ici.* It will be better in the tennis court than here! Thence we can mark the progress of the execution!"—and rising from her seat she led the way, her features dressed in smiles, and her eyes beaming with exultation, to the hall of exercise. Few moments had elapsed before the clatter of the rackets, the lively bouncing of the balls, and the loud voices of the antagonists, announced that heart and spirit were engrossed in the excitement of the game. Oaths, shouts of laughter, proffered bets, and notes of sportive triumph rang from the tongues; that, scarce an hour ago, had decided on the doom of the unsuspecting innocents; and that, before another should arrive, would lend their tones to swell the fearful cry of "Kill! kill!—Death to the Huguenots,—kill and spare not!"

The noble gallery, which had been fitted, according to the fashion of the day, for the *jeu de paume*, overlooked with its tall netted casements, the principal street of Paris, even at that early age a wide and beautiful parade. The cool breeze from the river swept refreshingly around their feverish brows, but wafted not a sound to their ears; although they well knew that the guards must be already at their posts, crouching like tigers, that their spring might be unerringly destructive. Tranquil, however, as it appeared, the city glowed with all most noon-day light, for every window was illuminated with row above row of flashing torches, and, at every angle of the streets, huge lanterns swayed to and fro in the fresh currents of the night wind. It was a beautiful scene, but at the same time one whose beauty was of a painful and unnatural cast; every joint and moulding of the walls, nay every crevice of the pavements, was defined, as clearly as the outlines of a Flemish picture; yet it seemed as if this unaccustomed splendour had been produced by some enchantment, and to meet no mortal end; for not a human being was to be seen throughout the whole perspective, not a houseless dog intruded on this strange solitude. At an earlier period of the night all had been dark and gloomy, even before the hum of traffic, or of pleasure, had entirely subsided; but now, when every place was silent and deserted, unseen hands had steeped the vast metropolis in lustre, to be witnessed by no admiring multitudes. Long and wistfully did Catharine gaze upon that spectacle, straining her senses, sharpened as they were by the most fearful expectation, to catch whatever indication sight or sound might offer of

the success of the conspiracy. At length, as she listened, Charles, whose careworn eye wandered ever and anon from his deep gaming to his mother's countenance,—saw by the momentary shudder that thrilled her stately form, and by the rigid tension of her features, that the moment was at hand,—and so in truth it was! Even when that tremour quivered through her limbs, the hammer hung suspended above the tocsin bell. She had beheld no vision,—she had heard no murmur to announce the hour,—yet she knew,—she felt,—that, ere the breath which she was then inhaling, should go forth, the matin peal would sound. And it did sound!—Heavily did the first clang of St. Germain's a l' Auxerre strike on their bursting hearts, but ere its ringing cadences had died away, another, and another, and another, took up the signal; till at every pause between their deafening clamour, the chimes of an hundred tocsins might be heard losing themselves in undistinguished distance! A single shot broke through the din of bells with its sharp report, a straggling volley followed,—a long, clear, female shriek,—and then the brutal riot of the savage soldiery, the shivering clash of steel, groans, prayers, and execrations, were blent in one terrific roar!—If ever earthly scene might be assimilated justly to the abode of condemned sinners, and tormenting fiends, Paris was such on that eventful morning. No! it is not profanity to say or to believe that disembodied demons exulted in their prison-houses, if they were not permitted to revel in the actual contemplation of Christian men converted into worse than pagan persecutors,—of the brightest city of Christendom presenting the appalling aspect of an universal hell!

"It is done,"—cried Catharine, clapping her hands in furious triumph—"The Lord hath arisen and his enemies are scattered!"

"I am at length a king!"—exclaimed the boy, whose fears were swallowed up in ecstasy at the accomplishment of all his machinations,—"*Brave Guise! Noble Cosseins!*—Happy the monarch who can trust to servants such as ye!"

Before the words had passed his lips, a louder, and a nearer burst of mingled cries showed that the tide of carnage set towards the palace. Hurling his racket to the further end of the long hall, he sprang to his mother's side, and, as he viewed the massacre of his confiding subjects, tossed his arms aloft with an expression of eye and lip that might have well beseeemed a Nero!—First a few scattered wretches rushed singly, or in groups, along the lighted streets; mothers and maids,—stern men with dauntless hearts, and scar-seamed brows,—old grandsires with their feeble limbs, and locks of snow,—and infants tottering along in helpless terror!—Then with a sound like that of the spring-tide, the thoroughfare was choked by thousands, frantic with despair, hurrying, they knew not whither, like sheep before their slaughterers. Behind them flashed the bloody sword of Guise and his relentless satellites; before, the gates were closed; above, around, on every side, from every roof, and every window of the illuminated dwellings, the volleyed shot hurled them in masses to destruction.

"Quick! quick! my harquebuss!"—yelled the impatient Charles, maddened by the sight of blood, and thirsting like the fleshed wolf for his peculiar share. "Kill! kill!"—he shouted in yet loftier tones, as the unsparing Duke dashed forward, crimsoned from spur to plume with Christian blood, animating the fanatic Italians of the guard, and aiding the work of slaughter, with his own polluted weapon. "Kill! kill!—Gallant De Guise. Kill! and let none escape!"

Before the windows of the Louvre was a narrow court, fenced from the street by a tall palisade of ornamented iron work; hither, in the first impulse of their terrors, had a herd of wretches fled, as it were to sanctuary in the immediate presence of their king; and here were they confined between the massive portals of the palace, and the noble thoroughfare now crowded even to suffocation by an unresisting multitude, through which the sword was slowly but implacably hewing itself a passage. Protected by the fretted railings from their foes without, they had vainly flattered themselves that they were secure from immediate violence, and trusted to the proverb, which has but too frequently been found fallacious—"That a king's face gives grace!"—what then must have been their agony when they beheld that very countenance, to which they looked for mercy, glaring along the levelled matchlock, and felt their miserable bodies pierced by the shot at each discharge, and by the hand of their legitimate protector.

On that tremendous night, Hamilton, like a thousand others, was startled from sleep, in his secluded lodging, by the roar of musketry, and by the howls of the infuriate murderers; but, unlike the rest, he recognized at once the sequel of that relentless policy, to which he had himself refused to minister. During the very night on which he had been admitted to the royal presence, on his return homewards through the gardens of the Louvre, he had been assaulted by the assassins, whom from their garb and arms he at once distinguished as the agents of the king; by a pretended flight he had succeeded in avoiding their united force, and singly overpowering each, had escaped uninjured to his dwelling. Conscious that he was singled out by a power which it would be no easy matter to elude, and deeming that some political convulsion was at hand, he had kept himself in total retirement, till the hue and cry should have blown over, and till some opportunity might offer for his effecting a retreat from France.

Springing from his couch at the first sounds of the massacre, he perceived at a glance that all the neighbouring casements were lighted up as if for some high festival, nor could he for a moment doubt but that to be discovered unprepared would be a signal for his instant death. Few moments sufficed to kindle such a blaze as to vouch for his privacy to whatever plot might be on foot, to prepare his weapons for the crisis, and to arm himself from head to heel. Ere long the tumult thickened, the same tragedy was enacted before his humble doors, that was polluting even then the threshold of the royal residence. A few shots from his window, harmlessly aimed above the heads of the poor fugitives, procured him at once the character of a zealous partizae; when, binding the badge of

white upon his arm,—which he had remarked with his accustomed keenness,—and fixing in his burnished morion the silver cross of his loved country, he descended, resolutely plunging through the abhorred carnage, in the hope of extricating himself, amidst the general havoc, from the guilty city.

Though by no means elevated in all his thoughts above the prejudices of the age, and though himself a zealous adherent of the Romish Church, his noble soul revolted from a scene so barbarous, and, as he saw at once, so horribly gratuitous. Had the destruction been confined to the leaders of the Huguenot party, nay, even to the whole of its armed supporters, it is possible that his ideas might not have soared beyond the spirit of his times; but when he saw children unable yet to lisp their earliest words, girls in the flush of virgin loveliness, and youthful mothers with their infants at their bosom, hewn down and trampled to the earth, he shrank with inward loathing from such promiscuous slaughter, and hardly could he refrain from starting to the rescue. Nurtured, however, as he had been, in a rude and iron country, educated in a school of warfare, inured, from his youth upward, to sights of blood, and, above all things, tutored by sad experience, in that most arduous lesson, to keep the feelings ever in subjection to the reason, he had less difficulty in resisting his desire to strike a blow in behalf of helpless innocence, than we, at this enlightened period, can imagine; and thus, occasionally lending his deep voice to swell the clamor which he hated, he strode along amidst the host of persecutors, collecting, as best he might, from the disjointed exclamations of the mob, such information as might serve to extricate him from the wide charnel house of Paris. Armed, from head to heel, in complete panoply, his unusual proportions, and lofty port, joined to the stern authority which sat upon his brow, caused him to be regarded in the light of a chieftain, among the Romish Partizans. It was not therefore long before he ascertained that two of the city gates had purposefully been left unbarred, though circled by a chosen band of Switzers, and Italian mercenaries; and if he could succeed in making his way unscathed to either of these, he doubted not but he should be able to pass, by means of his assumed importance; and, once at large, he was resolved to make no pause, until he should have crossed the sea. One difficulty alone presented itself,—it would be necessary that he should traverse the esplanade before the windows of the Louvre,—and beneath the very eyes of the perfidious Charles; who, if he should recognize the person of the haughty Scot, would, beyond a doubt, avenge the slight which had been offered to his Royal will. Still it was his sole chance of escape; and, when life is at stake, there is no probability, however slender, to which men will not cling in their extremity.

Boldly, but at the same time, cautiously, did Hamilton proceed, stifling his indignation at a thousand sights, which made his heart's blood curdle, with necessary resolution, nor daring to extend an arm to protect the miserable beings who clung around his knees, wrestling with their cold-blooded murderers, and shrieking, in their great agony, for "Life! Life, for the love of God!" Once, as with ill-dissembled fury, he headed a band of more than common ferocity, a lovely female,—her slender garments torn from her limbs, by the rude soldiery,—her long, fair tresses, dabbled in the blood which gushed from twenty wounds,—thrust her helpless babe into his arms, beseeching him with anguish, such as none but mothers feel—"If he had ever loved a woman, to save her little one." Even as she spoke, a dark-browed Spaniard struck his stiletto into her bosom, and she fell, still shrieking as she lay beneath the trampling feet,—"*Sauvez—pour l'amour de Dieu,—sauvez mon miserable petit.*" The monster who had felled the parent, drove the bloody weapon into the throat of the infant, and whirling the little corpse around his head, shouted the accursed war-cry—"Death—death! to the Huguenots!" It was fortunate for the noble Scot, that as he turned, the hot blood boiling to his brow with rage, to avenge the crime, an ill-directed shot from a neighbouring casement, took place in the Spaniard's forehead, and, with a mingled yell of agony and triumph, he plunged headlong forward upon the bodies of his victims, a dead man, ere he touched the pavement. His whole soul sickening at the fiendish outrage, Hamilton could barely nerve himself to go another step, in such companionship; but, although he did not move a limb, the pressure of the concourse bore him onward, till almost unconsciously he found himself a witness to the scenes, enacted in the court-yard of the Palace. The area of the promenade had, by this time, been cleared of living occupants through means too surely indicated by the piles of gory carcases heaped up on every side. The men, tired of unresisted butchery, leaned listlessly on their tall lances, unless some keener stimulus urged them to fresh exertions; they had become epicures, as it were, in cruelty, and rarely moved from their positions, unless to commit some deed of blacker and more damnable atrocity. The king still kept his station at the window of the tennis court, and ever and anon, the bright flash of hisarquebuss announced that he still found gratification in wanton bloodshed. The unfortunate wretches who had rushed into the toils, while seeking for a refuge, had, for the most part, fallen victims to his deadly aim; but a few, smarting with unnumbered wounds, and rendered sullen by despair, crouched in a corner of the small enclosure, seemingly unwilling to meet their fate, otherwise than in company; till, pricked and goaded up by the pike of the *condottieri*, they were compelled to run the gauntlet, foaming at the mouth, like over-driven oxen, and staggering like men in the last stage of drunkenness. The red spot glowed upon the front of Bothwellhaugh, as he beheld this savage pastime; for many hours his choler had been accumulating, and it was now fast verging to the point at which it must find vent or suffocate him. He saw a fair child borne in the arms of a brawny butcher of the *fauxbourg*, smiling up into the face and twining its tiny fingers amongst the clotted moustaches of its unmoved tormentor;—he saw it torn from his hold, impaled upon a lance, and held aloft, a target for the monarch's pastime. He saw De Guise, the arch-mover of the mischief, descend from his *destrier*, and coolly wipe the visage of the slaughtered Coligni with his own kerchief, to ascertain the identity of the lifeless clay. He saw a band of

little children dragging an infant Huguenot along, laughing and crowing at its youthful executioners, to plunge the cradled babe in the dark eddies of the Seine. He felt that he could endure this no longer,—he felt that he must proclaim his hatred and abhorrence, or expire in the effort of repressing them; and all that he now desired, was an opportunity of dying with eclat, and of involving in his own destruction the author of so many horrors. At the very moment when these fiery thoughts were working in his brain, an object met his eye, which, by recalling associations of a time and place far distant, roused him at once to open fury. A mother bearing her lifeless child along, hopelessly and irretrievably frantic! Regardless of the wounds which had been inflicted on her tender frame,—fearless of the pursuers, who hunted her with brandished blades,—she dandled the clay-cold body in the air, or hushed it in her bleeding bosom, humming wild fragments, which her memory yet retained, from melodies of happier days. At once the snow-storm on the banks of Eske, his own beloved bride, frenzied and perishing beside the first-born pledge of her affections, rushed instantaneously upon his mind. "Accursed butchers, hold!"—He shouted in a voice of thunder, and, ere they could obey his bidding, the foremost fell, precipitated by the swiftness of his previous motion, ten feet in front of his intended victim;—a second and a third staggered away from his tremendous blows mortally wounded, while the rest, struck with astonishment at seeing one whom they, till now, had followed as a champion in their cause, stand forth in the defence of a proscribed heretic, faltered, and skulked aside like rated hounds. Ere he had time to reflect on the consequences of his rashness, a well-remembered voice thrilled in his ear, "*C'est lui.*" No more was spoken; but in that brief sentence he had heard and recognized his doom. Turning towards the palace-front, he marked the form of Catharine, leaning from the window, and pointing, in all the eagerness of hatred, her extended arm to his own person; behind her, he could just distinguish the sallow features of the king, reaching his hand to grasp the matchlock, which a courtier loaded a his elbow. "I shall die"—muttered the undaunted Scot—"but unavenged never." A petronel was in his hand,—the muzzle bore fully on the majestic figure of the queen, his finger pressed the trigger,—he paused,—stood like a statue carved in marble, his weapon still directed to the mark, and that falcon glance, which never yet had missed its aim, fixed steadily upon its object!—He saw the carbine of the tyrant rise slowly to its level, yet he fired not!—The person of Charles was screened by the intervention of his mother's breast—"Devil!"—he shouted—"Devil that thou art,—Exult in thine impunity! No Hamilton hath ever harmed a woman!" The carbine was discharged, but no motion of the Scot showed what had been the event!—The brow was still serene, the arm extended, and the eye-ball calm as ever!—The hand rose higher, till the pistol pointed perpendicularly upwards,—the report rang clearly into the air,—and ere the echoes passed away, the gallant, but misguided soldier lay a corpse upon the bloody pavement; cut off himself, as he had slain the oppressor, by the bullet of a concealed assassin. Such are the ways of Providence.

H.

ON GRECIAN LITERATURE.

Notes of a Series of Lectures delivered before the Under-graduates of Columbia College, New-York, by Charles Anthon, L. L. D.—[Continued.]

LATIN LYRIC POETRY.

Stesichorus, a Sicilian, is distinguished among the Latin lyric poets of Greece. His true name was *Tisias*, but the name *Stesichorus* was given him from the order and regularity which he imparted to the movements of the chorus. He composed a lyric-epic poem in the Doric dialect on the destruction of Troy, and is praised by *Quintilian* for supporting the epic burthen by the lyre.

Anacreon, a native of Troy, is also celebrated in this department. His poetry has a peculiarly bacchanalian turn, and hence, perhaps, arose the fable of his having been choked by a grape stone. The productions which now pass under his name are considered by the best scholars to be entirely spurious. The only genuine remains which we have of this bard are the fragments usually appended to the editions of his works. The style of what are called the "Odes" of *Anacreon* is by no means sufficiently ancient in its character to warrant the belief that they were ever written by so early a poet.

Pindar was born at Thebes in *Bœotia*, B.C. 522, and was contemporary of course with *Æschylus*, who was born B.C. 525. The birth period of this eminent lyric poet was a glorious one in the history of Greece, and he himself was accustomed to regard this as a distinguished favour on the part of the gods. *Corinna* of *Bœotia* was his instructress and he was subsequently defeated by her in a poetic contest, but as he gained the prize over every other competitor, it has been supposed not without reason, that she owed her success on the occasion to which we have alluded more to her personal charms than to her talents as a poetess. *Pindar* sang the praises of the victors at the different games of Greece, and from these games this class of his productions obtained their peculiar titles. They are all ranked however under the general appellation of "*ἐπὶ νίκῃ ἀσκήματα*" and we have forty-five of them remaining. He composed also elegiac pieces called "*θρηνημαί*" and hymns in honour of the gods styled "*προσόδια*" together with other pieces. Of these latter productions, however, we have only fragments remaining. For the modern arrangement of the "*ἐπὶ νίκῃ ἀσκήματα*" we are indebted to *Aristophanes* of *Byzantium*, who selected from the larger collection what he considered the fairest specimens of the talents of the bard. *Pindar* is remarkable for brilliant lyric powers, and for a grave and serious tone which sometimes rises to the loftiest degree of prayer and enthusiasm, but he is justly chargeable with great obscenity, and frequently the interpretation of his poems becomes a mere matter of conjecture. He is, however, one of the most religious and moral of the ancient poets, and deserves in this respect to be ranked by the side of the Athenian *Sophocles*, and yet he is said to have manifested in private life too great a regard for riches, and has

been charged with venality in his praises. The basis of his diction is epic but he frequently employs Doric forms for the sake of expression and metre

ATHENIAN AGE.

This extends from the time of *Solon* to that of *Alexander*, and its principal feature is the drama. The origin of the Greek Drama is to be sought for in the festivals of *Bacchus*, and its first rude effort was the song of the vintage. Hence arise the various etymologies of *τραγωδια*, *τηρωγδια* and *κωμωδια*. At first there was only one performer who sang a choral ode. Then a second person was introduced who recited some mythological story while the choral singer rested. This second person so introduced was called *ἄρχορ. ης* or the "answerer," from the circumstance of his answering, that is, taking the place of the performer. This improvement is said to have been brought in by *Thespis*, who performed in person. A second actor was afterwards added by *Æschylus*, a third by *Sophocles*, but no fourth performer was ever allowed. A poet however might employ as many mutes as he pleased.

Æschylus was a native of Eleusis and born B.C. 525. He is said to have had a remarkable dream in early life. Having fallen asleep while watching a vineyard, *Bacchus* appeared to him on this occasion and directed him to turn his attention to tragic composition; a story which some consider as affording an explanation of the well-known slander against this poet, viz., that he was addicted to indulgence in wine and was accustomed to compose under the influence of this stimulant. His first appearance as a tragic author was at the age of 25. He afterwards fought at Marathon, and the prize of valour on that occasion was adjudged to himself and his two brothers. He gained his first tragic victory six years after this, when he had reached the age of 41.

Four years subsequently he took part in the battle of Salamis, and the next year shared in the victory at Plataea. It is a coincidence well worth remembering with regard to the three great names in the dramatic annals of Greece, that *Æschylus* fought in the battle of Salamis, *Sophocles*, then 16 years of age, headed the chorus of youths that danced around the trophy erected in commemoration of that event, and that *Euripides* was born on the very day of the fight. *Æschylus* subsequently left Athens and went to Sicily, for which step two causes have been assigned; one, indignation at the success of younger rivals, and the other his dread of the Athenian populace. He had been accused it seems of divulging the mysteries of Eleusis in one of his plays, and narrowly escaped being stoned to death, having only been saved by the intervention of his brother, who displayed on a sudden, to the view of the people, his arm which had been mutilated in the battle of Salamis. In Sicily he was patronized by *Hiero* of Syracuse, and he found at the court of this monarch, *Simonides*, *Epicharmus* and *Pindar*, as fellow guests. The manner of his death was singular. Sitting in the fields lost in contemplation, with his head rendered perfectly bald by age, an eagle passing over with a tortoise in its claws, mistook the head of the poet for a stone, and dropping its prey for the purpose of crushing it, killed *Æschylus* by the blow. The whole story is probably untrue, and seems to have been invented for the purpose of meeting a pretended prediction according to which the poet was destined to meet with his death from on high. *Æschylus* at the time of his death was 69 years of age. His style is said to have been somewhat affected by his residence in Sicily, and many Sicilian forms of expression were detected in his later productions. *Æschylus* may be called the creator of tragedy. He brought in a second actor, was the first to employ a regular stage, with appropriate scenery, and invented the costumes and the mask. With him too is said to have originated the well known rule which excluded all deeds of blood from the presence of the spectators. Among the marks of honour that were paid to his memory by the Athenians, was a public decree allowing any one the expense of a chorus who wished to perform one of the dramas of *Æschylus*. This poet appears from his productions to have belonged to the Pythagorean sect. He was of a proud and stern temper, and of a lofty and magnificent genius which bordered occasionally on extravagance. His style is bold, impetuous, and lofty, and the chief difficulty in the perusal of his works arises from the peculiar expressions employed by him and the singular compounds which he so often introduces, not in the syntactic arrangement of his words. *Æschylus* composed seventy dramas, five of which were satiric. Of these 70 we have but 7 remaining. He was 13 times victor, but *Sophocles* 20 times.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a borough of Attica, B.C. 495, and he celebrates his natal place in a beautiful chorus in the "*Ædipus at Colonus*." He was 30 years later than *Æschylus* and 15 before *Euripides*. *Sophocles* is said to have received a very careful education and to have been remarkable in early life for personal beauty, as a proof of which we find him selected at the age of 16, to lead the chorus of youths that danced around the trophy erected in commemoration of the victory at Salamis. His first appearance as a dramatic competitor was at the age of 25, during the solemn festival connected with the removal of the bones of *Theseus* from the island of *Scyros* to Athens. He gained the first prize on this occasion, and that too from no less an antagonist than *Æschylus* himself. The whole contest appears to have been a singular one. The audience in the theatre are said to have been in a very tumultuous state before the representations commenced, in consequence of which the presiding archon was delayed in the balloting for judges. During this delay *Cimon* came in with the associate generals, and finding no judges yet appointed, took the requisite oath himself and then administered the same to his colleagues. The result of this novel arrangement was this, that the ten Athenian generals sat on this occasion as judges in the theatre, and by them the palm was awarded to *Sophocles* as above stated. The poet composed for the space of 63 years from this time, and during this time gained the first prize in 20 dramatic contests, and the second still more frequently. He served also during a part of his life as one of the ten generals of Athens, having *Pericles* and *Thucydides* among his colleagues, but does not appear to have performed any thing worthy of notice while acting in this capacity. *Sophocles* witnessed the misfortunes of his country

during the Peloponnesian war, but was spared the closing scene, having died a few months before the battle of *Ægos Patmos*, in the 90th year of his age. We have only 7 of his tragedies remaining. According to *Suidas* he composed in all 123. *Boeckh*, however, a modern scholar, makes the number to have been only 70, and thinks that many if not all of the remaining tragedies ascribed to this poet were written by the younger *Sophocles* and *Iophon*. This younger *Sophocles* is said to have been the favourite grandchild of the poet, and to have given rise to the accusation of mental imbecility and dotage preferred against *Sophocles* by his elder son. It is said that on the trial which took place in consequence of this charge, the poet contented himself with reading the chorus in the "*Ædipus at Colonus*" to which we have already alluded, and that this beautiful lyric effusion procured his immediate acquittal. *Sophocles* gave the last improvements to tragedy by adding a third actor, introducing still more beautiful and appropriate scenery than *Æschylus*, and by shortening the choral odes, which in the case of the last mentioned poet interfered too much by reason of their length with the proper management of the dialogue. He shows much more skill than his great predecessor in the conduct of his plots. His style is pure and majestic though occasionally marred by harsh metaphors and perplexed constructions. His genius was of a very lofty order, and his power remained unimpaired even in an advanced old age. He was justly regarded as the great master of the pathetic, and deserves far more than *Æschylus* the title of the Grecian *Shakspeare*. The two finest of his plays are the "*Ædipus Tyrannus*," and the "*Ædipus Coloneus*."

Euripides was born at Salamis B.C. 480, on the very day of the battle, his parents having fled to that island from the main land of Attica in order to avoid the Persian invaders. *Aristophanes* charges him with meanness of extraction on the mother's side. Be this as it may, one thing is very certain, that the education of the poet was both careful and expensive, a proof in favour of the latter circumstance being drawn from the character of *Prodicus*, one of his masters, who was remarkable for the large sums that he charged his pupils. *Euripides* displayed also in early life a talent for painting, and some pictures of his were preserved at Megaris. In rhetoric his instructor was *Prodicus*, and the oratorical skill which he acquired under this master is very conspicuous in his dramas. In philosophy he attended the lectures of *Anaxagoras* whose tenets very plainly appear in the productions of the poet. He was very intimate also with *Socrates*, and is thought to have derived from him the greater part of his moral *gnomæ*, (*maxims*) and these same *gnomæ* appear to have been the cause of so many of his tragedies still remaining, and explain the reason why his plays are so often quoted by the ancient writers. *Socrates* is suspected of having aided him in the composition of his dramas, and *Ælian* goes so far as to say that the philosopher only went to the theatre when the pieces of *Euripides* were acted. The poet began his dramatic career at the age of 25, and on this occasion gained the third prize with a play called "*Pleistes*." He did not, however, obtain the first prize until his 39th year. A splendid compliment was paid him by the Sicilians, who after the unsuccessful termination of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse gave freedom to as many of the captives as could recite some portion of the works of the poet. *Euripides* retired towards the end of his life to Macedonia. The cause of his retirement is unknown, but he was induced most probably to retire from Athens by domestic troubles, the want of satisfactory patronage, and the frequent attacks of the comic poets of the day, especially *Aristophanes*. *Archelaus*, who was then king of Macedonia, appointed *Euripides* one of his ministers. He ended his days in this country and the manner of his death was a singular one. While walking in the fields absorbed in contemplation he was attacked and torn in pieces by dogs, and thus perished in the 75th year of his age. The Athenians sent for his body, but their request was refused and the body interred at Pella. A cenotaph, however, was erected to him at Athens. *Euripides* was much inferior to his two great rivals in dramatic talent. He is severely attacked in particular, by *Aristophanes*, for lowering the dignity of tragedy by introducing heroes as so many tattered beggars, for the feebleness of his verses, the monotony of his prologues, and his affectation of philosophy. The praise of *Socrates*, however, may be regarded as a full counterbalance for all this, and he was highly esteemed also by *Menander* and *Philemon*. *Longinus* ascribes to him great power in depicting love and madness, but denies him much originality. *Aristotle* allows that he is powerful in exciting sorrowful emotion but blames him for the general arrangement of his pieces and the unconnected nature of his choruses. *Euripides* composed 120 pieces, of which we have remaining 18, together with one satiric drama, and the only one that has come down to us.

COMEDY.

The Ancient Greek Comedy was divided into what has been termed the Old, Middle, and the New. In the first, real characters were represented with real names, in the second, real characters under fictitious names, while in the last both characters and names were fictitious. *Epicharmus* is regarded as the true inventor of Comedy. He rejected the low drolleries and scurrilous invectives which had previously characterised this branch of the Drama, and composed Burlesque pieces on tragic subjects, and to this source perhaps may be traced the ridicule of the tragic poets in which the later comic writers were so proud of indulging. *Epicharmus* was a native of Sicily, and produced his first drama a short time before the appearance of *Æschylus*. He was distinguished for the elegance of his style, and is hence called by *Plato* the first of comic writers. *Plautus* took him for his model. We have only a few fragments remaining of his works, they are full of apophthegms and shew him to have been a Pythagorean in his tenets.

Cratinus, another comic poet, was born B.C. 519. He began to compose late in life, and was as a writer, extremely personal. After leading a very dissolute life, he died at the advanced age of 97 years. *Cratinus* frequently contended with *Aristophanes* and his productions are said to have been character-

ized by boldness, spirit, and elegance. Only the titles of 38 of his comedies are preserved.

Eupolis, who also distinguished himself in this species of composition, was nearly of the same age with *Aristophanes*, and a bold and severe satirist of the vices of the day. Among others he composed *Alcibiades*, who it is said, caused him in retaliation to be thrown overboard on the expedition against Syracuse. Cicero, however, terms this a vulgar error, and proves from *Eratosthenes* that some of the comedies of *Eupolis* were composed after this date.

Aristophanes was a native of *Egina*, and consequently a naturalized citizen of Athens. The exact date of his birth and death is unknown. His birth year probably was B.C. 556. The poet turned his attention at an early period of his career to political occurrences, and his great object seems to have been to humble Cleon, the leading demagogue of the day. He soon acquired great influence over the people, and attacked the individual just named in the comedy of the "Equites." Cleon was then in the height of his power, in consequence of his recent success at the island of *Sphacteria*. *Aristophanes*, therefore, had to personate Cleon himself, since no actor would appear in that character. Neither could he procure a mask that would represent the features of the demagogue, because no one dared to make one for him. The fame of *Aristophanes* was not confined to Athens. He was even invited to Sicily by the tyrant *Dionysius*, but like a good patriot he refused to leave his native city. In the play of the "Nubes" or "Clouds," we find him lashing the Sophists of the day, and it is in this piece that *Socrates* is introduced and held up to ridicule. The *Nubes* is thought indeed to have been the cause of the Philosopher's condemnation, but this opinion seems to be an erroneous one, since 24 years intervened between the first representation of the piece and the trial of *Socrates*, and since *Plato* represents them both as living during this period on friendly terms. *Aristophanes* seems to have mistaken at first the character of *Socrates* and to have confounded him with the Sophists with whom he saw that philosopher so frequently engaged in dispute.

A singular anecdote is recorded of *Socrates* in connection with this play. Many strangers being present at its first representation to whom the Philosopher was personally unknown, and they being desirous from a motive of curiosity to ascertain who the individual was whom the poet was lashing in his play, *Socrates* calmly arose leaning on his staff, and remained standing until all had been enabled to compare his peculiar visage with the mask worn by the actor on the stage. *Euripides* also, as has already been remarked, was a frequent subject of the Poet's attack. *Aristophanes* composed upwards of sixty comedies, only eleven of which remain. He belonged to the old school of comedy. He shows himself a zealous patriot in attacking the corrupt demagogues of the day, and was a strong advocate for peace during the Peloponnesian war, having composed his play of the "Acharnenses" with this express view. Frequently, however, he is extremely gross in his language and allusions. His admirers have sought to defend him for this, and ascribe it to a wish on his part to conciliate the mob, and in this way to tell them some plain and wholesome truths. *Plato* gives honourable testimony in favor of our poet, and remarks that the graces had selected his mind for a home. His style is remarkably elegant and may be regarded as a specimen of the purest Attic. His choral songs are occasionally very beautiful, and appear far more rhythmical and melodious to us than those of the tragic writers. His elegance becomes more attractive still by being frequently brought in contact with the provincialising and the broken Greek of foreigners which he introduces into his plays.

Menander has been styled the Prince of the New Comedy. He was born B.C. 342, and was the pupil of *Theophrastus* in Philosophy and Literature. He lived to the age of 50 years, and is therefore somewhat later in fact than the Athenian age, although commonly ranked under it. He exhibited his first drama when 21 years old, and composed in all 105 plays, of which we have only a few fragments remaining. He is praised by all antiquity for his adherence to nature and for his elegance and grace. Some faint idea of his manner may be obtained from the comedies of *Terence*, who seems to have been but little more than a mere translator of the Grecian dramatists. *Plutarch*, and *Dio Chrysostom* prefer him in fact even to *Aristophanes*. *Menander* appears to have been an Epicurean in philosophy and mode of life, and a perfect fop in dress and manner. He was drowned while bathing in the *Piræus*. It is very remarkable that notwithstanding the high character he enjoyed as a comic writer, only eight of his pieces were victorious.

SCHOOL OF HISTORY.

The great names in history during the Athenian age, were *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, and *Xenophon*. *Herodotus* was a native of *Halicarnassus*, and was born B.C. 484. He was of Dorian origin, and of a wealthy and distinguished family. He wrote, however, in the Ionic dialect, as this was the most fashionable and widely diffused of any of three, and as may be expected is more Ionic in his forms of expression than a native Ionian would have been. *Herodotus* is commonly styled the "father of profane history," but this can only mean that he is the first whose work has come down to us in a finished form and entire, for there were many historical writers before his time, a list of whose names is given by *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*. *Herodotus* left his native city at an early age in consequence of the tyranny of *Lygdamis*, and retired to the island of *Samos* where he learnt Ionic. He began to travel at the age of 25, and visited first Egypt and the coast of Africa, then Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylonia, Colchis, and Scythia, after which he returned to *Samos* and began to arrange his work. It professes to be a history of the wars between the Greeks and Persians, but many historical and geographical episodes are introduced by him, the fruits of both his early and later travels. We find him sometime after this aiding in driving out *Lygdamis* from his native city. The change, however, was only for the worse. A rigid aristocracy was introduced, and *Herodotus* disliked by the people on the one hand, who regarded him as one of the principal authors of

the change, and by the nobility on the other in whose schemes he had not fully concurred, left home and embarked for Greece. There he attended the Olympic games and read portions of his history with great applause on the part of his auditors, so much so in fact, that the names of the nine muses are said to have been given to the nine books of which his work was composed. *Thucydides* then only 15 years of age, is said to have stood by on this occasion, and to have evinced even at this early period of his life a spirit of honorable emulation by being moved to tears at the plaudits bestowed on *Herodotus*. Some German critics regard this story as spurious. *Wesseling*, however, after a careful examination of the whole account decides in favor of its authenticity. *Herodotus* appears to have been employed after this upon his history for the space of 12 years more. During part of this period he travelled over Greece in order to render his work still more accurate, and then read it at the Panathenæa or general festival of the Athenians. It was received with high approbation, and the people of Athens are said to have bestowed upon him ten talents on account of the honourable mention which he makes of them in the course of his history. He then joined an Athenian colony sent to found a new city on the ruins of *Sybaris*. Here he put the finishing hand to his work, and hence *Pliny* remarks, "*historiam condidit, Thuris in Italia*." The period of his death is uncertain. The probability is that he died B.C. 413. *Herodotus* appears to have been engaged on his work for the space of nearly 48 years. The winding up of the work is the defeat of *Xerxes*, but many later incidents are introduced. His style is admired for its ease and sweetness. He excels particularly in narration. He is regarded as good authority in relation to the affairs of Greece after his own birth. In other matters however, his details were tradition just as he heard them, and he takes no pains to distinguish fact from fable. *Plutarch* accused him of malignity, or in other words, of injustice towards the Thebans, Corinthians, and Greeks in general, and his treatise on this subject has come down to our times. The charge is untrue, and the history of *Herodotus* may be regarded in many respects, as one of the most precious remains of antiquity. The "Life of Homer," which has been ascribed to the Historian, is a spurious production.

Thucydides was a native of Attica, and born B.C. 471. He was the son of *Olorus*, and was descended on the mother's side from the celebrated *Cimon*. The history of his youth is involved in uncertainty. In the 47th year of his age, and in the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war, he commanded the Athenian fleet off the coast of Thrace. Being summoned to the aid of *Amphipolis*, and coming, notwithstanding all his exertions, too late to save the place, he was banished in consequence by the Athenians, and retired to *Scapte-syla* in Thrace, where he owned some ruins in right of his wife. He remained 20 years in exile, and was only recalled the year after Athens was taken, at the age of 67. He does not appear to have lived long after this. *Thucydides* prepared his great work during exile, but arranged and moulded it more carefully after his return. He did not, however, live to complete it. It is in eight books, and extends to near the close of the 21st year of the war, the whole war having lasted 27 years. The eighth book is not so finished as the rest; indeed, a gradual falling off appears after the first five books, and the work terminates very abruptly. The probable cause of this was a gradual decay of his physical powers, succeeded by a sudden death. As a writer, *Thucydides* is cool, grave, and candid, and displays on all occasions great judgment and great impartiality. Neither does he in the whole course of his work display any resentful feeling towards his countrymen for their unjust condemnation. His accuracy as an historian has never been questioned. He is extremely careful in selecting his materials, and in many cases was an eye-witness of what he describes. *Thucydides* wrote in the Attic dialect, and established this for the time to come as the dialect, to be employed in historical composition. He is remarkable for his conciseness, so much so in fact, as to degenerate sometimes into actual obscurity. He is less solicitous about elegance of diction, than about imparting information to his readers. His harangues form the most remarkable feature in his works, and he has been censured for their introduction by some, since they furnish in the opinion of these critics an argument against his general veracity; but the truth is, he never meant them as actual specimens of oratory, but merely as vehicles for conveying his own sentiments, and for relating what he could not well mention in the main body of his work. Hence instead of being a blemish they serve rather to give his history a kind of philosophic character. His arrangement however is bad, for he follows the order of events too closely, which gives rather a monotonous air to his work, although this is sometimes relieved by the harangues which he introduces. The most celebrated of these speeches is the funeral oration of *Pericles*, pronounced by that statesman in memory of those who had fallen in the course of the Peloponnesian war. Another celebrated part of his work is his description of the plague at Athens, which has been imitated with so much ability by the Roman poet *Lucretius*. *Demosthenes* was a great admirer of our historian, and is said to have copied one of his harangues ten times; not the entire work, however, as some assert. *Thucydides* found also two imitators among the Romans, viz. *Sallust* and *Tacitus*, but of the two, *Tacitus* resembles him the more.

Xenophon, the next historical writer that claims our attention, was a native of Attica, and born B.C. 445. He was a pupil of *Socrates*, and performed military service along with that philosopher, who is said to have saved his life at the battle of *Delium*.

At the age of 43, he entered the service of the younger *Cyrus*, and conducted the famous retreat of the 10,000 Greeks, an account of which is given with so much spirit and ability in his work entitled the "*Anabasis*." After this he joined *Agasilaus*, and served with him in Asia and Boeotia. He was exiled, however, by the Athenians for having borne arms against *Artaxerxes*, a prince with whom they were in alliance. Although the true cause would appear to have been a feeling of envy on the part of his countrymen, in consequence of the strong attachment he always displayed towards the Lacedæmonian govern-

ment. He was protected of course by the Spartans, who gave him a residence at Scillans in Elis, where he died at the age of 90. The common account however, makes him to have ended his days at Corinth. Xenophon was possessed of great military talents as is plainly shown in the "Anabasis," and for piety, integrity, and moderation, he was regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of the Socratic School. His writings are remarkable for purity and simplicity, and for their elegant and harmonious style. The *Anabasis* is one of the most interesting works that have come down to our times. The "*Cyropædia*" on the other hand, is only an historical romance, and contains merely Xenophon's ideas of what a good prince and just government ought to be, for the real character of Cyrus appears to have been very different from what Xenophon has delineated. It is considered by some as a kind of criticism on the first two books of Plato's *Republic*, and Plato is thought to have retaliated in his third book of *Laws*, where he gives quite an opposite character of Cyrus. Reasonable doubts have been entertained by some as to the conclusion of this work, and it is thought to have been the production of another writer who wished to weaken the favourable impression towards the Persians, which the body of the work cannot fail to produce. Xenophon wrote also an eulogium on Agesilaus, or in other words a biographical sketch of that monarch. He was well qualified to draw his character, since he had served under, and been intimate with him. It is highly praised by Cicero, but modern critics regard it as an inferior production, and the work of some later rhetorician or sophist. The "*Memorabilia*," or *Memoirs of Socrates*, contain a justification of his nature together with reminiscences of his conversations. Sometimes, however, the work becomes a mere monologue. The topics discussed are of a moral and religious nature, and the whole work is written with remarkable beauty and grace. It consists of 4 books, but is thought by some to have been anciently more voluminous. Another work entitled the "*Defence of Socrates*," is not, as one would be led to conjecture from the title, a pleading before judges, but a development of the motives which induced the Philosopher to embrace death rather than undergo the humiliation of entreating for life. It is rejected by Valkeuæer, and Schneider, but probably formed a part of the "*Memorabilia*" in its more complete state. The "*banquet*" or "*συμπόσιον*" is a master piece in point of style, and its object is to establish the purity of the moral character of Socrates. We have also a *Discourse on Economy*, entitled "*Οικονομικός Λόγος*." It is in fact, however, an eulogium on rural life, or rather on morality applied to it, and contains some interesting details on Greek agriculture. It was translated by Cicero, and Virgil is said to have borrowed from it in his *Georgics*. We have finally two small works on the Athenian and Spartan governments, but they are now thought not to have been written by Xenophon.

MEDICAL LITERATURE.

The first great name in the annals of Greek medicine, is that of *Æsculapius*. His history, however, appears to be nothing more than an oriental legend, and *Æsculapius* himself was very probably the same with *Apollo*. The knowledge of medicine, in fact, would seem to have been brought into Greece by a priesthood of the Sun, and the Science to have been transmitted to the *Asclepiades* or reputed descendants of *Æsculapius*. There is a small work ascribed to the founder of this School, consisting of 21 verses of precepts, but it must of course be regarded as spurious. *Pythagoras* was the first among the Greeks, remarkable for any great knowledge of medicine, and he is supposed to have learnt it in Egypt. He was the first for example who observed the critical days in maladies. There were two rival schools of the *Asclepiades*, one at *Cos* and the other at *Cnidus*. *Hippocrates* came from the former, and was born B.C. 460. He well deserves the name of the father of Greek medicine, and was contemporary with *Socrates* and *Plato*. His name began to be famous during the *Peloponnesian* war. *Hippocrates* was a great traveller in early life, but established himself finally in *Thessaly*, and hence is sometimes called the "*Thessalian*." He passed some part of his time at the court of *Macedon*, and appears to have visited also the countries of *Thrace* and *Scythia*. His account of the manners of the *Scythians* is remarkable for its exactness. He is said also to have freed *Athens* from the plague, and was rewarded by initiation into the mysteries, a golden crown, and the rights of citizenship. It was also decreed that the children of *Cos*, the native island of *Hippocrates*, should be allowed to receive their education at *Athens* on the same footing with the youth of the latter city. *Galen* says that *Hippocrates* stopped the plague by kindling large fires and burning aromatics. The period of his death is unknown, although he is supposed to have attained to a very advanced age. He was charged with having set fire to the library at *Cnidus*, after having copied the best medical works contained in it, but there appears to have been no real foundation for this. Numerous works have been ascribed to him, but the genuine ones appear to be very few. His writings are still worthy of the attention of medical students, and contain a treasure of facts. He everywhere inculcates propriety of conduct and purity of morals. His oath also is very famous. The practitioners to indulge in no libertine practices and is to make no application of his knowledge to criminal purposes. The descriptions which *Hippocrates* gives of the phenomena of diseases are still unrivalled. His reasoning is carried on by induction like the *Baconian* school. His treatment also of acute diseases is so complete as to be scarcely susceptible of improvement at the present day. His work on *airs, places, and waters* is still regarded as a valuable production, and we have a French translation of it by *Corray*, the celebrated modern Greek, accompanied by a very copious commentary. *Hippocrates* was profoundly skilled in the *Ionian* philosophy, and *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* borrow from him in animal and vegetable physiology. His aphorisms or short maxims of a medical nature are still held in high repute. They are 422 in number, but according to *Galen* contain many interpolations. Medical science was retarded after the days of *Hippocrates* in consequence of a too great fondness for speculation and theory.—(To be Continued.)

THE DEATH BRIDAL, A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.—[Concluded.]

BY A. C. CASTLE, M. D.

Racked with a thousand apprehensions Stoughton knew not what to do or how to act. The fear of losing her for ever, the impossibility of communing with her either by note or message—his harassing duties, marchings and counter-marchings,—for the French army was daily manœuvring for some important movement; and his regiment having received orders to take up a flank and more advanced position, at a much greater distance from the house containing all that was dearest to him on earth. Notwithstanding all these embarrassing difficulties—whenever his duty would permit him—he was near the place, in the hope that a favourable opportunity might afford him a chance to see her, or at least to send her a token of his love; but in vain; fortune did not favour him, and there were moments when he would even pray, that in some of the skirmishes in which he was engaged, some friendly bullet would free him from his misery.

The chances of war at length brought the opportunity he had so long sought in vain—of again beholding that form and face which his heart had almost given up in despair—it was a melancholy sight. Alas! for her—language yields not words of sufficient force to depict her anguish—the silent agony—the forlorn and impotent anxiety—the desolation of her mind at the wreck of every hope, as she beheld the prostrate form of her "earth's idol." He looked up at her with a faint smile: his eyes, before dimmed by pain, lighting up for the moment—spoke a few under sentences of love and hope, and then sunk back exhausted. Her heart was too full for utterance—her temples bounding at every pulse and her eyes nearly starting from their sockets—she could articulate only a frenzied shriek, and wildly throwing her arms in the air she fell insensible on the ground. She was conveyed to her chamber—and, for weeks after, her features spoke in legible characters of the horror and wretchedness one little hour is able to inflict.

Ordered to the command of a detachment to advance on a certain position and anticipate the enemy in taking and holding possession of an important post, Lieutenant Stoughton had departed with his men early in the darkness of the night, so that he might have time to rest them, and be enabled to execute his orders in the gray of the morning's dawn.

It was just before day-break, as he was giving orders to the men "to stand to their arms," the report of two muskets, and then a third, startled his ear; the echo had hardly died away before another greeted him on the flank. By the time the scouts had fallen back on the main body, with the information that the French were before them in force, not knowing the strength of the enemy,—which possibly might be superior to his own small band, consisting of about two hundred and eighty men—he chose his position in a large cleft, a naturally formed basin, as it were, in the rocks, forming a strong little fort difficult of attack from the slanting position and smoothness of the stones, forming a good glacis, and being thus not only sufficient but well calculated to protect his party against a superiority in numbers.

At the rising of the sun the soft morning mist slowly ascended, which had veiled the face of earth, leaving a beautiful fresh and clear atmosphere, and exposing to the view a magnificent landscape, and luxuriant nature, in all her sweets, smiling through her dewy tears. Lieut. Stoughton mounted the peak of the highest rock that sheltered his detachment, to reconnoitre and to make observations by which he might govern his mode of proceedings. Within four hundred yards, on one side, was the position he was ordered to secure; immediately on the other, cowering beneath the ridge protecting his own party, were the French, amounting to about five hundred men, alike ignorant of the British force and their position; like them, on the same errand to secure "the post," and waiting for the daylight that they might act. A volley of musketry having more power than a lengthy argument, convinced Lieut. Stoughton that he would be quite as well below, as by making himself a target in such an exposed situation. The English being between the French and the post to be gained, the French were the attacking party; a furious and desperate encounter soon commenced, and well did the latter exert themselves to drive the British from their stronghold; but all in vain. Their musket balls striking on the slanting face of the rocks, glanced high in the air, while the British fire told with fatal accuracy. Two hundred of the French had already bitten the dust in their futile attempts; they ceased firing and, heedless of each destructive volley poured into their ranks, pressed forward and gained the enclosed space, which the British, even with their ceaseless firing and utmost exertions could not prevent. And then commenced a cruel, desperate and obstinate hand-to-hand fight.

In the cleft of rocks, so hidden that a stranger might have been within fifty yards of the spot perfectly unaware of the presence of such a body of men, were it not for the noise of muskets striking each other, or smashing against the rocks, the sharp clatter of steel clashing on steel, or the hoarse shout of encouragement, or the shrieks of the wounded. With eyes darting forth the fire of their souls, teeth clenched, and muscles braced and rigid—it was man to man, foot to foot, breast to breast; at every point was Lieut. Stoughton, reckless of numbers or of danger, hoarse to choking in urging on his men to renewed exertions. It is impossible to liken this little space to any thing terrestrial—if a comparison be necessary—it was as if an earthquake had upturned a division of infernal spirits in deadly contest, and had left a niche or crater for the outpourings of bloody strife and terrific passions. After thirty minutes of terrible slaughter, for no quarter was asked, and none was given—three faint cheers told that the British were the masters, and that severe was the cost to them. Lieut. Stoughton had received six wounds; two so dangerous, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. It was in this state that he was brought to the house of Don José—as a resting place while on the way to the hospital in the rear. It was this chance of war that brought him again into the presence of the unfortunate and unhappy object of his affections.

For three long months he lay on a bed of sickness and pain, and it would be difficult to inform the reader whether his mind or his body suffered the more excruciating torments, for he had been told that Isabel was dead. He tossed and raved in his feverish excitement—and in his fits of delirium he would despairingly call upon “his dear, dear Isabel”—“his dear lost pearl;” at other times his ravings would be so violent as to require restraint upon his limbs to prevent him from inflicting injury either upon himself or others. In his violent paroxysms he would rise in his bed, and with a yell he would utter exclamations—then would he savagely gnash his teeth, at one time nearly severing his tongue—“see, there she is in the grasp of those infernal French”—“save her my brave fellows from those savages”—“they’ll drink her blood”—“now charge bayonets, charge home”—“send your bayonets through their cursed hearts. home to the very muzzle”—“no quarter, no quarter”—“hurra, that’s it my lads, I’ll not forget you—another dash at them and she is mine.” “No! she is gone; they have taken her away.” “Hell-hounds yield her up.” After such violent ravings, his exhausted frame would sink on its pallet rolling and constantly shifting his restless body—finally sinking into a disturbed muttering slumber.

Time, which affects every thing either for weal or for woe, in due course beheld him healed of the wounds of his body; but those of his heart still ached and vibrated with an intensity as if every cord within its deep recesses were stretched upon a rack. He was discharged from the hospital as cured. The horizon of his prospects presented to his imagination a heavy lowering sky—not a ray of hope shone through its density—it was all gloom and black despair. With this load of oppression on his mind, he listlessly procured those articles only, suitable to his rank, for combating the enemy, in the hope that he might fall on the field of battle, or gloriously end his life while leading on some forlorn hope. Having completed his purchases he took up his route to rejoin his regiment—which was now, in common with the others composing the British army, in glorious career, pursuing the retiring French, gaining victory after victory, and driving them from the usurpation of the Peninsula. He took the road that passed near the house of Don José, determined to see and take a last farewell of the spot where they had so often met, and if possible to shed his parting tears over the grave of her whom he believed to be no more. Twenty-four hours travelling brought him into the vicinity of Don José’s mansion; he dismounted, gave his horse to his servant, with orders to proceed onward to the next stopping place, some three miles distant, and there make the usual preparations for him. He then wended his way along the bye-paths till he reached the grove of trees, in which he had passed so many hours of happiness, so many hours of sweet melancholy, and so many of misery.

Ah! unfortunate moment; what overruling power is it that urges poor mortals on, what demon of mischief, in the midst of man’s troubles and doubts, goads and frets him to swerve from the very paths that may lead to contentment or perchance to lasting happiness, to take those which lead to darkness, misery, despair, and death? The evil genius of Man—where and what is it—that when man, with honest integrity of purpose, strives to fill up his goblet with the sweet and the good, in the very act of raising it to his lips to partake of its richness, it is turned into bitterness and gall!

The infatuation of love overruled his reason; he was not aware, although recently recovered and risen from a bed of sickness, fever, and long delirious excitement, that his nerves were still unstrung; and that, from his harrassed mind, he was too feeble for the slightest shock; he little knew the task he had undertaken, and he little expected the shock that was in reserve for him. He entered the grove, which woke up in his memory the thousand tender recollections of the past, the anticipations and hopes for the future which had then arisen. The fountains of his tears were dried up; O that he could weep, one copious flow of tears, if but for a moment, to ease his breast from the pressure that was swelling it to bursting. He seated himself upon the clump of a tree for a while—partially recovering from the commotion of his feelings and perturbed mind, he arose and proceeded on to the old tree under the expansive shading boughs of which they had so often exchanged their vows of undying love. He turned into a path that was hidden by some underwood into an opening which brought to his view the old tree. In utter amazement he started, uttering a faint inarticulate sound, and fell to the earth. Under the old tree there was kneeling Donna Isabel, her arms crossed upon her bosom, her head drooping,—pale and attenuated her form—her sufferings as well as his had been great. She was deeply occupied in prayer.

CHAPTER III.

“Her pale lips grew paler with the prayer
That only asked his happiness.”

“The damned blow I struck! oh had my arm
Been withered to the trunk!
Or had the cursed demon slept, who planned
The fatal deed!”

She heard the crash among the dried branches as he fell; she was frightened at the noise and thought herself observed. Like a young startled fawn she sprang to her feet, looking around to discover the cause of her fear. With the quick eye of love, she perceived her beloved, Hubert Stoughton, and as quick as thought she was by his side. Believing that either by a miracle or by a special interposition of Providence her prayers had been accorded, and that heaven had sent him to her. Tears fell from her eyes in quick succession; her arms entwined around his neck, her head resting on his breast, the spasmodic sobs and convulsive heavings of her chest and her hysterical exclamations of extacy mingled with sorrow—vividly depicted the excess of her feelings.

“Rise, dearest Hubert, rise,” she said, assisting him, after she had in a measure overcome the intensity of her excitement. They took their wonted seat under the old tree.

“How is it with you, and how do I find you thus, dear Hubert?” exclaimed

the maid; “it is an age, a hundred ages, since we parted. They told me you were dead; O! thank heaven it is not so. Dearest Hubert, speak; let me hear your voice.”

His whole frame trembled with an involuntary shudder; he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her with emotion, which found not utterance; for some moments he could not speak;—at length he passionately exclaimed—“No Isabel, I am here—thanks be to a merciful God—you too are here—they told me—that you were dead—base and poor falsehoods!—I am here, yours and yours alone! Day and night, sleeping and waking, in ease and in pain,—my thoughts have ever dwelt on you. Nought on earth—no earthly means save that which shall sever my life strings can make me cease to love you with the fervency your truth deserves. But tell me, dearest Isabel, what has taken place; how they have treated you, and how you, angel of my hopes, have borne up against accumulated troubles and misery since our last melancholy meeting and parting.”

“He told me,” she replied with a hysterical sob, “that on the following day you died from the effects of your wounds; and they presented me with this ring with your family crest upon it, as sent to me in your last moments; I knew it was yours from the crest and from the many, many times you have placed it on my finger. They gave me my unconditional liberty—which made me certain what they said was true;—that your spirit had taken its flight to the regions of the blest. I have had masses offered up for the peace of your soul; I have prayed for you,” she continued in a wild and exalted voice, “thanks, thanks, they have not been in vain.”

“Be calm, my love, be calm,” replied Stoughton; “do not let excitement thus oppress you—it pains me, it grieves me in the midst of my delight to see you thus afflicted. How were you treated by your father,” he continued, trying to divert her thoughts.

“With all the dotage and fond parental love that an old man could bestow upon an only daughter,” she replied sorrowfully.

“Thank heaven for that,” he said, his eyes sparkling with delight, “he will relent, he will consent at some future day. He thinks me unworthy of you, dear Isabel, he is correct; I am but a lieutenant in rank; I will win my way to a glorious name; after a time he will relent, and I will return with a claim that even your father cannot refuse.

With the most energetic wildness, her eyes flashing fire, she exclaimed, “It shall not be so, I feel our destinies an interwoven, so entwined together, that nought but death can part us. We have met, Hubert; we have met, my prayers have been heard. We have met never, never to part again.”

“Dearest Isabel, for heaven’s sake, for your own, for my sake, do compose yourself—you distress me beyond what my tongue can describe—to see you yield thus to such wild despair.”

“No, I have prayed for you, morning, noon, and night, and heaven has heard my prayers. I was praying that heaven would give you back to me, or take me to you, ha! ha! my prayers are heard, and you are sent to me.”

In these wild expressions, and in incoherent exclamations she continued. His voice trembled with agitation, and with all his endeavours, he could not prevail upon her either to listen to his reasonings or his advice.

“No, no,” she cried, “you shall not leave this spot again, you are given back to me, but oh! how altered. Your sunken eyes—your wasted frame—your haggard looks all speak in a language too plain—that piecemeal they are tearing you from me. No, we will die together, but we will part no more,” she said in a sorrowful yet most impassioned manner.

“Part we must—all will be well, I shall again return and we shall yet be happy. Need I tell you, Isabel, of the deep-felt happiness it is to me again to behold you, to repeat in your own hearing, that my heart beats towards you with the same warmth and the same affectionate throb it has ever done; that through weal through woe, you alone will reign there supreme. And when it shall please fortune to pity our wretchedness, we shall be blessed in our union; and in the sear and yellow leaf of our lives,—by a happy fireside we shall speak of these days, then long past away, as a winter’s evening tale.”

“Ah, Hubert, you are more cruel than my father, if you did but know the thousandth part of the mental and bodily sufferings that I have endured for you. You would not now leave me,—desert me. Ah, Hubert,” she said, clinging to him and sobbing forth her sorrow,—“You will not be so base as to leave me.”

“Base! Isabel—leave and desert you? can you entertain the thought, for an instant, that I could be that wretch! You, upon whom my whole soul and writhing heart are fixed, upon whom my every thought incessantly dwells! that I may know in what manner I may serve, protect, and cherish. Obtain but your father’s consent, and I will stay here in any capacity, so that he will let me be near you and enjoy your presence. Call me not base. If my life will purchase for you one hour’s happiness—it is yours; I would die on the spot for you,”—rising in his agitation—but she would not let him go from her.

“You shall not leave me. We will die together,” she exclaimed, her eyes looking into his as if she would dive into his very soul, and read there if he had the courage to do it.

“In the name of God what do you mean?” he exclaimed, horror-stricken at the bare thought that she would seriously harbour such intentions.

“To die—as you propose. Stay here you cannot—go you shall not. Directly on my father’s return home we must part; to our marriage he will never consent, I know him. But leave me you never shall. If I cannot marry you in life, I will in death.” He stood, while she was thus addressing him, as if he were rooted to the earth; a strange creeping sensation pervaded his system, his brain whirled,—aghast with conflicting passions, he looked astounded, but presently recalled to recollection, and exerting himself to bear up and act with a manly firmness, he spoke soothingly to her.

"Compose yourself, dear Isabel, do not despair; be resigned to a little temporary difficulty. Fortune cannot but smile on one so young as you. I beseech you, Isabel, calm yourself, let not your emotions have such a terrible sway over your will—do not look so—you are ill,—come let us walk a while; the fresh air will cool your brow—come—you will be better in a little time."

To all his entreaties, his adjurations—her eyes glaring with a maniacal fire, she, with a frenzied laugh, responded, "Aye, so we will—to die—happy consummation! Yes, Hubert, as we cannot live together we will die together. We will die in each other's arms. I wish to leave you for a moment. May I trust you? You will not leave this spot, Hubert."

"Why should I leave it?" he replied.

"You promise me, she continued, looking sternly at him; on your honour not to leave here?"

"On my honour," he replied, "I promise not to leave this place."

"Enough!" with which exclamation—her dishevelled hair flying loosely in the wind—she ran down the avenue of trees to the house, with a swiftness and lightness seeming, to all appearance, hardly to touch the earth. In the short interim of her absence, he, almost in a state of bewilderment, paced the narrow limits, unable to collect his confused senses. Was it not all a dream? In a very short time, she had returned, in each hand holding a pistol. The sight at once assured him of the truth of her dreadful intentions, and that it was no dream. Violently agitated, he exclaimed, "Isabel, in the name of all that is good, what do you mean by those weapons?"

"Mean by them," she replied—"to do what I have said,—that we will die together, that we will never part! are you afraid?" she demanded sharply.

"Afraid!—I only fear to see you give up all control over your feelings; you are not well; put aside those things. Let me prevail on you to retire to your chamber. I will linger near here until to-morrow—when you will be better."

"To-morrow—yes—to-morrow we will be in a bed of earth together; if we once part, to-morrow will never come again—and we shall never meet. To-morrow, from our bed of earth, wild flowers will spring—yes, and we will nourish them; there, in the music of the summer's breeze—they will woo each other—happy emblems of our loves," and she wildly laughed as the idea arose.

"Isabel as you love—"

"I'll not hear you."

Strenuously did he exert himself to support and maintain his manly dignity, but alas! sickness had deprived him of his wonted firmness, yet he essayed a commanding tone. But he knew her not; finding all other efforts futile he attempted again to soften and quench the fire consuming her. All was useless and only tended to irritate and make her more violent.

"Isabel, are you mad," he unthinkingly said, exhausted with despair;—"tell me what possesses you; if you love me, give those instruments of death into my hands, and—"

Frantically she interrupted him, "I do love you, and am determined not to lose you. Take this pistol," placing one in his hand. During the time they had been speaking she had hurriedly fastened a piece of ribbon, forming a portion of her dress, and which she had torn from thence, to the trigger of each pistol—"and take this ribbon, point the weapon directly at my heart, and I will point mine at yours; and when I call 'Hubert,'—fire! thus will we join and mix the dearest blood of our hearts."

"I cannot—I will not do it. What! become your murderer! What strange fantasy—what frenzied ideas are these. We must not die in this way. Hold! Isabel; continue not to urge so horrid, so wicked a measure. We cannot be guilty of such a crime—uncalled—to hurry ourselves into the presence of our Creator. We must and shall yet live to see happy days."

"What!" said she with disdain—"you are afraid to die. A soldier too! This is the thing," she continued with a sneer, "that would die on the spot for me." His own unfortunate expression struck upon his ear like a knell. "Sir, begone! leave me. I thought you a man, I find you are a coward." Hardly able to speak, through his agitation, in tones of grief and expostulation he exclaimed—"You wrong me, on my soul you wrong me. To save you I would die a hundred deaths—but to kill—to murder"—she interrupted him,

"If you wish to live without me, first stay for one little moment and see me a bleeding corpse at your feet—then go," she said, with bitter sarcasm, "win glory and renown, nor in your headlong career of rapine, fire, slaughter, and murder, stop to think of your forsaken and too true Isabel—ah, ah—no, it shall not be; you shall not leave me."

Stoughton saw, with the most poignant grief, that all he could do would not induce her to swerve from her dreadful infatuation. He would have received a bullet on the field of battle as became a brave man, but to shoot himself, whilst directing the deadly message of death into the bosom, and let out the vermilion life-blood of her he so dearly and sincerely loved! His whole soul revolted at the thought, he was about to alarm the inmates of her father's house, but with a hawk's eye she saw the intention and frustrated it. To leave her in such mental excitement, his love, his honour as a man forbade. What with the enervation of his strength, worked upon and harassed as it now had been, through his fruitless attempts to calm and overcome the distraction that overwhelmed her—he became so embarrassed that he knew not how to act. He still continued to reason with her, and tried each stratagem which his perturbed intellect could call to aid; to all of which he received but the reiterated exclamation—"No, you shall not leave me—we will die together."

"I see," she said, laughing sarcastically, "with all your boastings about meeting death, that the brave 'Ingles' [Briton] is a coward! See how he trembles; he firm like a man; I am a woman—do I tremble!"

"I do indeed tremble—not from the fear of death, but for you—I pray you—"

"Prove yourself to be a man of courage and no coward—prove that you love me—let us die together."

"Miserable wretches that we are! O, unhappy hour! We are lost, Isabel, we are lost!" Mechanically placing the pistol as she had directed—she pointed hers—told him to notice the signal, and continued, "Now be sure to point it at my heart."

"My God, I cannot do it," he said faintly, sinking his hand.

"Will you die with me, or in another instant see me dead at your feet and live without me?"

"No," he replied. He knew no more, lights, and fantastic figures, flashed and danced before his eyes; the reports of pistols awakened him to his senses. Isabel lay dead—shot through the heart—he lay by her side, severely wounded in the face. Taking the ring from her finger, he kissed her warm but bloodless lips. Fainting, his head fell on her neck, covering it with the blood flowing from his wound.

The story is soon told—he recovered from the effects of the wound and also from a much more severe one which he had inflicted on himself with a razor while in a fit of delirium.

The French were driven from Portugal and Spain. Peace was concluded between France and England. The regiment to which Stoughton was attached was ordered home; and it had hardly arrived at barracks quarters when Lieut. Stoughton was arrested on the charge of "wilful murder." Such charges are soon brought to trial in England, and the laws are more quickly put in force if the accused be declared guilty. So it was in this case. Lieut. Stoughton was tried three weeks after his arrest. A jury returned a verdict of guilty. The judge passed sentence of death upon him, leaving him to be executed twenty-four hours afterwards.

Astounded and amazed at such a consummation of his earthly ambition, hope, and love—to be executed like a felon, not for murder, for such it was not, and if it were, it was committed in Portugal and not in England's jurisdiction. Ignorant of these laws, the simple facts are here stated. He was conducted to the condemned cell; he seated himself on the stone bench and like a statue he remained lost to every thing around him.

Awaking from his lethargy he was somewhat startled at the presence of two turnkeys—he sniffed when they told him he was not again to be left alone; he asked for a glass of wine; they would not permit him to drink it in any other way but from their own hands, lest he should attempt to poison himself; nor would he believe that the Prince Regent [afterwards George IV.] would sign the warrant for his execution; at two o'clock in the morning on which the sentence was to be carried out, the Governor of Newgate came to his cell and informed him that the answer to his and the several petitions was, "that he must die for example's sake." He immediately busied himself—pen, ink, and paper having been furnished—writing letters to the different members of his family and his friends. He wrote them with a steady hand, and apparently with little concern; spoke cheerfully upon several subjects, nor would he close a letter until he had erased a spot of ink, which the turnkey did for him—he folded them and sealed them all with black sealing wax. Then quickly, and with a deep drawn sigh, he rose from the table, paced his narrow cell for a few moments, breathing heavily, and sensibly agitated—the only symptoms he shewed of impatience. A little wine was given to him—he again seated himself by the table and wrote a long letter, closed it, folded it and sealed it; he then turned it over and wrote its superscription, a tear falling on it as he did so—the only one he shed.

"Here," said he to a friend who was with him, "take these letters, and to-morrow, when my soul shall have taken its flight to her—" he could not proceed for several minutes; recovering himself he continued in a faltering tone, "post these letters—this—this—letter is to my—my mother—tell her I am resigned and wish to die;—tell her I have not, I could not, disgrace my fa-father's name—I have not signed the letter—but tell her—her son is innocent of the crime for which he is about to die—God will protect her—to place her trust in him for support in the hour of trial—kiss her for me,—and now good bye; after I am dead take this miniature, you will find it on my breast over next to my heart—keep it for my sake, it is the miniature of the unfortunate Isabel; God bless you—may the Almighty bless you, and may your life be a more happy one than mine has been."

He devoted an hour or two to prayer and then lay down to sleep, having waited till the hour of six, still in the vain hope that he should not die a felon's death. Watching an opportunity he put in his mouth a quantity of corrosive sublimate, a deadly poison, which he had by some means procured; it so corroded his mouth and throat in the attempt to get it down into the stomach that but a small portion reached its destination; the surgeon of the prison was called,—but the time for his execution being so near, he deemed it unadvisable to administer any remedies. The passing bell, as the last stroke of the clock struck eight, tolled its melancholy sound through the prison walls—it startled him for the instant, but he again sank into a state of insensibility. The bell tolled forth again, and with its vibration died Lieut. Stoughton. His body was put into the hands of the executioner and was suspended for a short time; and all that remains of "poor Hubert" is a portion of his anatomy in St. Luke's Hospital, London, and the record of the crime and his execution, on the books of the Newgate calendar.

NOTE, BY THE EDITOR.—We have not thought proper to disturb the catastrophe, as drawn by our esteemed correspondent, who seems to have been desirous to "pile up the agony" somewhat high. But we may observe that if the hero of the tale was liable to a trial for murder he was in a condition to be arrested and detained in Portugal for the crime; and furthermore that the trial in Eng-

and, as here given, is neither in accordance with the law of the land nor with international usage.

ADVENTURES AND FIELD-SPORTS IN CEYLON.

Excursions, Adventures, and Field-Sports in Ceylon.—By Lieut.-Col. JAMES CAMPBELL. 2 vols. London: Boone. 1843. ●

The author of this work, having seen some service in various parts of the world, was ordered with his regiment to Ceylon in 1819, where he remained for several years, acting as commandant at Port Galle, in the southern extremity of the island, and latterly officiating both as judicial and military chief in the Seven Korles, an inland district on the eastern coast. It was during this residence that Colonel Campbell, in addition to the discharge of his official duties, found time for the numerous excursions, adventures, and sporting feats detailed in the volumes before us. He had an eye and a hand for everything; here noting the manners and peculiarities of the natives and residents; there remarking the capabilities of Ceylon as an emigration field; here despatching a couple of deer with one bullet, or harpooning an alligator; there giving the *quietus* of a brass bullet to a mad elephant; and anon pitching his bungalow beside the untrodden banks of a mountain stream, awakening the echoes with the "music of the reel." It is from the memorandums of these bygone years that our veteran soldier has culled the contents of the present volumes, and presents to the public, with honest, good-natured intention, what must have many times enlivened the after-dinner sociality of the mess-room, or whiled away the evenings of his own domestic circle.

In February 1819, Colonel Campbell left Cork harbour with his troops, on board a large free-trader as transport, and, as might be expected, the occurrences of a five-months' voyage—among which was the spearing of a dolphin—furnish not a few notabilia for his journal. But even with all the sport which the ocean-tribes afford, an Indian voyage in a heavy merchant ship is a very tedious and monotonous affair; and it is most desirable to have always something going forward—no matter what it is—in order to amuse or occupy the minds of both officers and men. An occasion of this kind gives rise to the following story:—"A bottle was hung up to the yard-arm, at which many a single ball was fired, but without effect. The captain of the ship began to call out to them to have mercy upon his main-yard, as some of the balls seemed to pass rather too close to it, notwithstanding the length of the line by which the bottle was suspended, and which allowed it to swing about with every roll or heave of the vessel. Much laughter and amusement, on the part of both sailors and soldiers, was excited by the number of failures: not a bottle had as yet been touched. I went below, and brought up my gun; and, as soon as I appeared on deck, I heard some of my old companions in arms exclaim, 'Now, boys, you will soon see it smashed;' and old Dennis Kelly whispered close behind me, but sufficiently loud for me to hear, 'Don't you remember, boys, seeing his honour tumble the French officer the very first shot, though many of us had been popping at him, as he dared us, standing up bravely on the ramparts at Ciudad Rodrigo?' I, however, remembered nothing of the kind; nor, afterwards, to give Dennis a glass of grog. The captain offered to bet any sum that I would not hit the bottle in three attempts. It was, however, at last settled, that whichever of us should lose, was to give a dinner to the officers on board, upon our arrival at the Cape of Good Hope. I was to have two shots. The very first knocked the bottle to pieces, which caused much cheering, whilst the captain stared in amazement at the feat, for the ship at the time had a great deal of motion. Another bottle was rigged out, and it met with a similar fate. I sent down my gun, having, as Baron Munchausen would have said upon such an occasion, sufficiently displayed my dexterity and superiority, for which I can easily account, though no one else could. The secret was this—along with each ball I had slipped in, unperceived by any one, a large pinch of No. 6 shot! Of course the captain was not allowed to give a dinner at the Cape."

At length the shores of Ceylon were reached, and the *greenhorns* "who had read and heard much of the cooling fragrant breezes, which, having passed over its cinnamon and other spicy groves, are said to perfume the air far into the offing, were doomed to be altogether disappointed." They stood snuffing the east wind in quest of fragrance, but a common sea-breeze alone filled their nostrils. Other misfortunes, too, not always of so harmless a nature, awaited the strangers; and our author himself, from leaving his window open one night for coolness, was robbed of almost everything he had brought out, except his regimentals—convincing him of the truth of what he had heard, "that the natives of Ceylon, as well as those of India in general, are the most expert thieves in the world." However, he was not disappointed in the physical aspect of the country, which he describes as "a most verdant island, whose coasts are skirted by intermingled Palmyra and cocoa-nut trees, even to the verge of the ocean; and whose hills and valleys are highly favoured with continual sea-breezes, which render even its hottest districts much more temperate and agreeable than any part of the continent of India." The troops were landed at Galle, and thence marched to Colombo, the seat of government, then held by Sir Robert Brownrigg, and shortly after by Sir Edward Barnes. Unlike the most of European residents in that clime, the colonel and a few of his friends determined on leading an active life, though it might be only in the walk of field-sports. Their outfit was complete; on the rivers and lakes they used boats, which, being covered, served both as a shelter by night and a store-house for their luxuries; on land they occasionally erected a bungalow, and thus with their guns, dogs, and attendants, entered the field:—"Our servants being good cooks, no gourmands could have desired better fare than was daily placed upon the board; and there was no lack of good wines, which were cooled in bags, kept wet and hung up in a current of air, under the shade of a tree, till wanted. In short, taking into account the sport we had, many may think that we were much more to be envied than pitied. During the heat of the day, the boats were rowed along on the placid surface of the water, amidst perpetual verdure. Reading in turn, playing backgammon, talking over the feats we had performed, and describing what we had individually seen, planning excursions in new directions, and preparing our guns, killed the time most agreeably, when not engaged in shooting."

And now for a specimen of their field-sports:—"At the places where we halted for the purpose, the whole country was turned out to attend us to hunt deer, elks, &c. Upon these occasions, numbers of men, who seemed to delight in and understand the sport, went into the jungle, and extending themselves for miles, drove everything before them towards the places where we were stationed in readiness to fire at the game as they bolted out of the woods. The loud noises, or uproar of tom-toms, pipes, shouting, &c., especially the last day, when we were joined by a number of Kandyans, was quite as animating as such sports can be rendered by any Highland chieftain. We had, moreover, to look pretty sharply about us, and to take care and have our guns in readiness, as it was impossible to say whether an elephant, a tiger, a wild boar, a deer, an elk, a hare, a pea or jungle fowl, of which there were hundreds, would make their appearance perhaps close to us. We were told that two or three elephants and

several wild hogs were seen the last day of our really delightful field-sports; but none of them were driven towards us. We, however, fired away as fast as we could, and killed between us three deer and an elk—of which, being our first, we were very proud—some hares, and a deer not much larger than one of them, and many pea-fowl, &c.: in short, until we were tired of firing. No accident whatever occurred, which is not usually the case upon such occasions."

Such, however, was not always the case, as will be seen from the following hair-breadth escape. Colonel Campbell had been plying the rod, while his companions were shooting in the jungle:—"At this moment the Malay came to me in all haste, to say that I ought to move, as he was sure the two gentlemen were coming this way, pursued by some large animals, for he had seen them running as fast as they could across an opening in the woods, and towards the river. I instantly cut off my line and flies, and, to save time, put them inside my straw hat, wound up the line, unscrewed the fishing rod, and gave it to the Malay to carry; looked carefully at the flints and priming of my gun, and made the Malay do the same; and then, mounting the bank, I determined, at all risks, to stand my ground, and, if possible, to succour my friends in distress. We had scarcely finished these preparations, when, closely followed by the Malay, the two gentlemen made their appearance almost breathless, but laughing immoderately. As soon as F— was able to speak, he said that he had fired at a very large peacock, as he ran across a narrow opening in the jungle; upon which out of it rushed, crushing and breaking the smaller trees and shrubs around him, an enormous elephant. C—, whom I had cautioned to reserve one of the barrels of the gun always loaded with a brass ball, instantly took aim, and fired at the monster's head when not twenty yards from him; but he did not fall, being only hit some inches under the eye. F— fired almost at the same instant, and, as he said, with equal coolness; yet still the animal fell not, though it staggered, and seemed to be greatly stunned by the blow. Soon recovering, however, he continued his headlong course after them; and the Malay, firing in the hurry of the moment at random, called out to them to run for their lives. This they certainly all three then did in earnest. Many a fall they had; often did they stick fast among the long and tough creepers and prickly jungles through which they had sometimes to force their way; not knowing all the while whether the elephant was still pursuing them or not; so that, by the time they reached me, they were—at least the two gentlemen—almost naked, the greater part of their clothes being left behind them, hanging in shreds upon the bushes and projecting spikes of the prickly-pear. Their laughter, when they were approaching the river, was caused by the figures they cut in each other's eyes, and of course they knew well they would in mine. Being convinced that the elephant had long ago given up the chase, and that we might now keep ourselves cool, I conducted them to the hole in the rock, and in triumph showed them all my fine fish! requesting, at the same time, that they would produce their game. They had, they said, shot some pea and jungle fowl, a good many pigeons, &c., but that they were all, as I might well suppose, left behind in the woods; and as for the elephant, they were convinced that, had they not been in such a hurry, they might have bagged him; for they were quite certain that he must die, or probably had already died, of the wounds he had received."

Their sport, however, was not always so noble, and we find the party occasionally betaking themselves to the undignified sport of "pelting monkeys!" "My companions returned, escorting the coolies, loaded with venison and several birds which they had shot in the woods; in some parts of which they had been, as they informed me, highly amused in pelting, with sticks and stones, the large bearded monkeys that I have before alluded to; whilst they, grinning hideously at them, frequently caught the sticks, and threw them back at the insolent invaders of their probably hitherto peaceful sylvan retreats. I was, however, assured that none of them were fired at; as nothing can be more distressing than to see how like human beings these poor creatures apply their hand-like paws to the wound, and look at their assailant with so much sorrowful intelligence and great suffering pictured in their countenances, he must have a hard heart who, witnessing their misery and pain so strongly portrayed, can fire at them a second time."

Sentiment is by no means a prevailing feature in a sportsman's mind; and when our adventurers had had "sport" to the top of their bent—when elephants, buffaloes, bears, deer, pea and jungle fowl, flamingoes, and snipe, had been killed in hundreds, instead of staying their slaughter, they set about contriving means to vary its continuance. So "a stag-hunt, something in the style which is considered so truly animating and delightful to sportsmen at Killarney, in Ireland," was proposed, and a number of Singalese despatched to beat the bush downwards to a finely-wooded and picturesque lake:—"As the sun rose in his usual splendour, the scene became every moment more and more animating and interesting. The shouting and beating of tom-toms increased, and gradually approached us. Some deer came suddenly out of the wood at a point where it nearly reached the shore of the lake; but, on looking round them, they, in evident alarm, again retired into it. Then a single deer, with fine antlers, followed by some fierce-looking hogs and half-wild buffaloes, and preceded by a flock of pea and jungle fowl, appeared and disappeared in a similar manner. We now began to see the people, in the open spaces, moving slowly towards us, so that in the utmost anxiety we awaited the result of my experiment. Two deer and many peacocks came out of the jungle not thirty yards from us; but we would not be tempted to fire, for we wished them, if possible, to be forced to take the water. A more than usually loud shout reached our ears, and in an instant I saw that some deer, buffaloes, and hogs, had broken through the line of beaters, for away they went at speed towards the distant wooded hills. We hoped, however, that some might still remain inclosed in the quickly narrowing circle of beaters; and as they now approached closer to the lake, the shouting and drumming increased in proportion. The flock of pea and jungle fowl being driven to the very edge of the cover, at last took wing, and flew back over the heads of their now rapidly-closing pursuers, uttering their wild and melancholy calls, in order again to collect their widely-scattered broods. At last, when the beaters had arrived within less than a hundred yards of the lake, two fine stags, with splendid antlers, and a doe, ran down to the water's edge, looked into it, pawed the ground for a moment, stared around them in evident terror, and then all three plunged at once into the lake, and swam stoutly for the opposite shore! In an instant we were after them in full cry, which was duly answered by the people, who now crowded the lake-shore—many of them highly excited, paddling after us in their canoes. We soon began to gain upon the three deer, which were still swimming close together. Bran, whose eagerness could no longer be restrained, was allowed to spring into the lake, and very soon had one of the stags by the ear. As I feared the other, now some way ahead, would reach the shore before he was overtaken, I fired at him, and shot him seemingly dead, for he instantly sunk, and never rose to the surface. But, as we had now to return to Bran's assistance, the doe, though wounded by Mr. F—, was able to reach the bank and gain the jungle. When we approached the stag, still held by my powerful dog, we saw at once that he was quite exhausted, and more than half drowned; we therefore lost not a mo-

ment in fastening a rope to his antlers and round his neck; and thus keeping his head above water, we towed him in triumph towards the shore, where the people, still shouting loudly and wildly, awaited our arrival. Bran, however, bull-dog like, kept his hold, nor could he be disengaged until the stag was dragged by the people, almost dead, out of the lake, when he was put out of pain, and made fit, by the dexterous Malaysa with their keesies, for the larder."

We must now follow our adventurer to the waters, in order that he may make good his promise, and render fishing equally attractive. The Singalese despatched the alligator with their long spears, an easy process, considering the inert habits and sluggish motions of the animal; the colonel had studied the maxims of old Isaac to better purpose:—"I soon became tired of and disgusted with this butchering occupation, and requested that an intelligent blacksmith might be sent to me from Galle, to whom I explained, after a good deal of trouble, what I wanted; and by making a pattern in wood, I got him to fashion for me, for next day's sport, a small trident-shaped spear or harpoon, which had a socket to receive a long handle, made of tough and pliable wood, which could be easily disengaged when the alligator was struck. In this way, I fully expected to have the fellow fairly caught and held fast by the barbs. I also hoped that, by means of a line fastened to the harpoon, I should be able to play him, as we do pike or salmon at home. Though apparently little satisfied with my contrivance, and inclined to laugh at the idea of my thus catching alligators, the people assembled in considerable numbers at one of the deepest and more distant lakes, where alligators were known to be numerous, in order to see how I was to proceed; but they at the same time assured me that their mode of despatching them was by far the best and safest. I took with me in the canoe a Singalese, whom I had remarked the day before to be dexterous in using the spear, and who seemed to know where to look for alligators. Encouraged by me, he had not been long poking about among some tall reeds, which grew in the tolerably deep and dark-coloured water, before he drove the instrument well into a good-sized one. The wounded animal instantly twitched the long and pliant handle out of his hands, and away he went, dragging along the canoe, with us in it, in fine style, causing the water as it were to boil around him. In a few minutes, however, he became sluggish, and at last lay like a log at the bottom. We then paddled to the shore; and giving the greatly astonished and amused people the end of the line, they hauled him out of his oozy bed, already almost dead, the harpoon having been forced, notwithstanding the hardness of his back, nearly through his body, in which it held fast, as I expected, by the long and strong barbs. He was nearly eighteen feet in length. * * * Before my return to Galle, I had another day's sport of this kind; and I fully intend to have many more. The Singalese, moreover, had now become satisfied that my contrivance was not a bad one, though they still preferred their own safer and more expeditious plan; and in this idea they were confirmed by what they in one instance saw; for a large alligator, which I had struck with the harpoon, rose instantly to the surface within a yard or two of the canoe, and looked so fiercely at me, that I thought it best to send a ball through his head, which settled him in a moment. I had thought it well to have my gun with me; but it was so fastened to the canoe, that in case of an upset, it could not be lost in the lake. I must now beg to assure the reader, that I never in Scotland, Ireland, nor in any other part of the world, had half such amusing and interesting sport from salmon, pike, or trout, as on this occasion from alligators; and should he be an amateur, and ever have the good luck to come to Ceylon, or to be in a country where such sport can be enjoyed, I hope he will adopt my plan, and try his hand at alligator-fishing."

Here, however, we must draw our extracts to a close for the present; and this we cannot do more aptly than in the words of our veteran sportsman:—"Now, worthy reader, before we proceed farther together, I must take the liberty of mentioning, that an old friend of mine, who was what is called a good kind of a man, had fortunately a very excellent and prudent friend of a woman for his wife. He had, moreover, an unconquerable habit of being termed 'drawing a long bow,' but which he never did, except in the most harmless manner possible; indeed his best stories were generally—whether he was sensible of it or not, I do not pretend to say—told at his own expense; for he was really a good-natured fellow. Whenever his most useful wife, who was well aware of her husband's failing, perceived that he was on the point of uttering a 'bouncer,' without looking up from her work (she was a very notable industrious lady), she would say, but in the gentlest tone imaginable, 'Bill, my dear, mind your stops.' Now, reader, as I may sometimes, as we travel together, tell what you may perhaps be inclined to consider a rather tough story, you may, therefore, like this good lady, feel disposed to remind me of my stops—be it so; but as my notes are before me, and as it is from them that I continue in a great measure to compile the account of some of my doings in Ceylon, I shall not, even though it may be thought that I take 'traveller's liberty,' shrink from proceeding in what I have undertaken."

ZILLAH—THE ONLY CHILD.

Various are the lessons that may be learned from what we happen to witness in our daily walks. Joy and sorrow, toil and luxury, meet the eye in rapid succession, as we traverse the streets of a great city. Scarcely has the sprightly maiden of sixteen summers gladdened our path, than it is overshadowed by the lonely widow in her garb of woe. The exhilarating effect of the rosy face and springing step of a merry child, is suddenly checked by the sight of the white hair and stooping gait of an aged man. The weary labourer and the gay man of fashion, the lowly mendicant and the high-born dame, may be seen side by side; all pass on their way, some to scenes of pleasure, others to those of misery.

But amidst the different objects which suggest serious reflections in the mind of an observant pedestrian, few afford a wider field for contemplation than the frequent removals, which we cannot fail to notice as we go through the several quarters of the metropolis. The upholsterers' cart, laden with costly furniture, and the humble truck which bears away the homely chattels of the working-man, have each a history connected with them. Happiness is not always packed up with the magnificence of the former; nor is discontent the inevitable companion of the latter. Such were my thoughts one day when walking through one of the fine squares of London many years ago. A handsome house attracted my attention, from the circumstance of there being a large wagon at the door; and between the windows of the ground-floor were printed notices, announcing that in a few days there would be a sale. An air of sadness was visible on the countenances of the domestics, as they moved to and fro with different pieces of furniture, which they deposited in the wagon; and as I stood for a moment reading the printed notice, I heard one of them say "No, no, Will, that's not to go—it is to be sold. Master couldn't bear to see it." I looked hastily round, and behold a pretty little table—such as the French call a *bonheur du jour*—surmounted by a small book-case, opening with glass doors, which were lined with green silk.

Now, I do not consider that it is necessary for a writer to state how he ac-

quires his information, or collects his stories. These are the secrets of his art; and having premised this, I shall simply relate the history of the little work-table, or rather of its owner, the beautiful Zillah.

She was an only child, and, as may be supposed, a beloved one. Reared in the midst of luxury, her every wish anticipated and gratified, she grew up without the slightest idea of the necessity of practising self-control. She was generous and affectionate, intelligent and accomplished, and her sweet countenance often proved an excuse in the eyes of indulgent friends of her waywardness and self-will. Sometimes when Zillah proposed some wild scheme, her gentle mother would venture to remonstrate, but had not firmness to resist the playful embrace and merry laugh of her idolised daughter; so that the latter invariably succeeded in obtaining the fulfilment of her wishes, were they ever so extravagant. Zillah had attained her eighteenth year, and several suitors had aspired to her hand. Her parents did not attempt to control her choice, until they discovered that it had been decided in favour of an individual, whom they had frequently met in society, and whose disposition and principles were, in their opinion, ill calculated to insure her happiness.

For the first time the indulged Zillah met with opposition from her father and mother, and her lover was forbidden their house. Irritated by this unusual, and, in her estimation, harsh exercise of parental authority, the inconsiderate self-willed girl secretly left her home, and those who had so tenderly cherished her from the hour she first saw the light, and contracted a hasty marriage with one of whom she knew but little. Before her departure, she placed in the work-table above mentioned a short letter to her parents, informing them of the step she was about to take, and her determination to become the wife of Mr —

When the news of Zillah's flight was communicated to her mother, she was struck with grief and alarm, and for some time remained weeping over the little *bonheur du jour* with the letter in her hand. She was found in this attitude by her husband, whose indignation overpowered his paternal affection, and he declared that no intreaties should ever make him hold any intercourse with his ungrateful child. For two long years he kept his resolution, and resisted the tears and pleadings of his wife; and at length forbade any one to mention Zillah's name in his presence. Indeed the sight of anything which had belonged to her caused such violent paroxysms of anger, that it was alarming to witness them. The afflicted mother was therefore compelled to conceal the deep sorrow which was undermining her health, for she durst not speak of the cause of her grief. She knew that her husband mourned in secret also, although his sterner nature would not allow him to confess it; and she still cherished the hope, that by patiently yielding to his commands, he would in time consent to a reconciliation with their unhappy child.

At last some friends of the family persuaded the distressed parents to remove from their house in town, and reside in the country, trusting that a complete change of scene might be of service. It was at this juncture that the removal of the furniture, described at the commencement of this tale, took place; and it will now be understood, by the reader why the little work-table was to be sold.

But it is time to speak of its once happy possessor. Immediately after her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Paris, and for some months, the young couple appeared to be free from all care, and to be devoted to each other. Zillah's affection was true and disinterested; she had proved this, at the expense of every dutiful feeling towards her parents; but, alas! that affection was unworthily bestowed.

Mr — was proud of his youthful wife's grace and beauty, but his heart was too much absorbed by avarice to love any human being. He knew she was an only child, and reputed to be a great heiress. Seeing that she was artless and generous, he wrought upon her noble nature, by representing that his want of an adequate fortune was the sole cause of her parents' opposition to their union.

If Zillah had not been blinded by a misplaced affection, she would instantly have repelled such an unjust assertion, for she must have known that her father and mother were incapable of placing any mere worldly advantages in competition with her happiness. Alas! she was destined soon to discover that their reasons for refusing to sanction her marriage were but too just, and that she had been deceived by empty professions of love; for when her husband found that his wife's wealthy parents persevered in refusing to hold the slightest communication with her—that letters, soliciting pardon, were returned unopened—and that her fortune he had imagined she would inherit was made over to a distant branch of the family, his conduct towards her completely changed. Then the unhappy Zillah began to experience the most cruel neglect from the only being to whom she had a right to look up for protection and tenderness: then she was left alone for hours, to weep over her filial disobedience; and when her husband found her beautiful countenance pale and altered from the effects of grief, he would coldly turn away, without uttering a word of consolation; or else he would upbraid her for making his home miserable.

It was in the second year of this most unfortunate marriage, and Zillah was sitting beside the little bed of her infant child, thinking of her once happy home, of her indulgent father and gentle mother, when the clocks of the gay city, striking the hour of midnight, recalled her wandering thoughts. She rose, and opening the window, looked out into the street, hoping to catch a glimpse of her husband, who had been absent, as usual, for many hours. It was still; the moon shed a clear placid light on every object. Zillah fixed her tearful eyes on the beautiful orb, and thought of the mansions of the blest. She prayed for strength to bear her sorrows, and humbled herself before Him who looks upon the lowly and the contrite with tender compassion.

At length the sound of carriage wheels met the ear of the anxious wife, and she soon perceived a hackney coach at the end of the street. As it approached, her heart beat violently, and an indefinable sensation of fear suddenly assailed her. The vehicle stopped at the large *porte cochere* of the house, and the porter was summoned to open the gate.

Zillah hastily closed the window, and waited tremulously for the arrival of her husband, whom she now heard slowly ascending the stairs.

When he entered the room, she was alarmed at the expression of his countenance. His eyes were sunken, and his face deadly pale. It was evident that he was ill.

"You are suffering dear Richard," exclaimed Zillah tenderly, for at that moment all the affectionate emotions of her young heart, which he had so often slighted and rejected, returned. "O tell me what is the matter?"

"I am ill, Zillah," replied he in a hollow voice, and taking her small hand, he pressed it against his burning forehead.

"We will have advice instantly," cried she, and immediately despatched the porter for a physician, who speedily arrived, and pronounced the patient to be labouring under the distressing symptoms of a low fever.

For many a long day and weary night did Zillah watch by the sick-bed of her husband, nursing him with the most tender care, and forgetting all his past un-

kindness at the sight of his sufferings. His malady terminated fatally, and poor Zillah was left a widow, in a foreign land, and without friends; for peculiar circumstances had prevented the young couple from forming any acquaintances in Paris, who might have been useful to them. The only drop of comfort in the youthful widow's cup of sorrow was the reflection, that her husband had appreciated her affectionate attentions, and had asked her forgiveness for the troubles his selfishness had brought upon her.

Zillah mourned for her departed husband with the deepest sorrow, for she had loved him with all the disinterested tenderness of a woman's heart. She recalled the days when she first knew him, when he had gained her youthful affections by his apparent devotedness to her, and his promises of unchangeable regard. All these recollections were attended with painful thoughts of her parents, and of the desolate condition of herself and infant; and it was only by resorting to the highest of all sources of consolation, that she was enabled to support her heavy affections.

In order to obtain medical assistance, and to defray the funeral expenses, Zillah had (through the instrumentality of a worthy nurse, who had sometimes shared her long watchings) disposed of all the valuables she possessed, and she was now nearly penniless. It was with a breaking heart that she once more sat down to write to her father. Alas! the letter was returned to her through the post office; marked as it was by the ensigns of woe, it had not been opened by her parents. This circumstance almost overwhelmed her, and she gazed on her innocent child in an agony of grief. In the hope that her father would relent, and send her some pecuniary aid, the afflicted widow had suffered the rent of her apartments to accumulate, and the proprietress was now impatient for payment. She sent for her, however and implored her to wait a little longer. The woman reluctantly consented to wait for her money, but she told the unhappy Zillah, most decidedly, that she must quit the house on the following day.

The morning came, and Zillah packed up the few articles she possessed which principally consisted of her baby's clothes, for she had been compelled to part with most of her own, and having locked the small trunk, she seated herself upon it, and burst into tears. Those tears were such as angels rejoice to see, for they were shed by a sincere penitent. After a while, the desolate widow drew from her pocket a little bible, the gift of her beloved mother. She opened the sacred volume, and, falling on her knees, read some of the blessed promises which abound in its inspired pages. Strengthened and comforted, she remained for some time in her humble attitude, her face buried in her hands. When she rose, she perceived the proprietress of the house standing gazing upon her.

The woman had entered the apartment with the view of hastening the departure of her poor lodger, but was diverted from her purpose by the sight of the widow on her knees. The timid glance which responded to her astonished gaze touched the heart of the landlady, and she said in a gentle tone, "You are well, madame, I hope?"

Zillah thanked her for the inquiry, and added, pointing at the same time towards the bed, "As soon as my child awakes, I will go; but—"

And here her voice failed her, for she knew not whither she should direct her steps. The landlady turned away, and, for once, forgot her rigid maxims in her sympathy for the beautiful and patient creature before her. At last she said "Have you no friends, madame, in England, to whom you could write and state your situation? If you have and would like to occupy a small room in another part of my house, you are welcome to stay here until you get an answer."

What a load seemed to be removed from poor Zillah's mind by this proposal! Gladly was it accepted, though just then she knew not to whom to write.

"And now, madame," resumed the landlady, seating herself with an air of protection and good humour, "it strikes me that you might employ your talents, and so gain a little money."

"I should be glad to do so," replied Zillah, "but in what manner?"

"Give lessons in your own language, and in music," returned the proprietress; "even royal folks have so employed themselves, before now, in foreign parts."

"I am most willing," said Zillah; and it was then agreed that the widow should remove immediately to the small room, and that the landlady should endeavour to procure some pupils for her.

Zillah now felt a cheerfulness of spirit to which she had been a stranger. She took possession of her new abode with a grateful heart, and occupied herself in arranging the humble furniture in the most commodious way, and in forming plans for the profitable employment of her time. One day as she was dressing her little girl, singing all the while a simple English air, in order to amuse the sprightly child, the porter of the house knocked at the door of the modest apartment. The widow opened it, and the man put a letter into her hand, saying, "Forty sous, madame, if you please."

"Forty sous for a letter! it must be from England," thought the agitated Zillah, and then she remembered that she had scarcely so much as that sum. The porter marked the expression of the widow's countenance; he was a kind-hearted old man, and he said rapidly, "Madame need not pay for it now; it is of no consequence, and I am in a great hurry."

He then ran down stairs as briskly as a youth of twenty, and his heart was as light too. He "would sooner lose three times the sum," he said to his wife, "than give a moment's pain to such a sweet young lady." And, to the credit of his spouse be it recorded, she quite agreed with him.

"Besides," added the good woman, by way of consolation, "I do not think madame is likely to have many letters."

But we must leave the good-natured porters, and return to poor Zillah. With a trembling hand she opened the letter. It was from her mother's cousin, an aged lady, to whom the afflicted widow had written immediately after her husband's death: by some accident, Zillah's letter had wandered out of its course, and thus the answer also had been delayed. Zillah had long abandoned all hope of hearing from this venerable relative, and feared she was dead: for she felt sure that her appeal for succour would not have been left unnoticed, if it had reached the hands of her cousin. The letter which she now perused proved how justly she had appreciated the kind old lady's disposition, for it was full of tender and soothing expressions, and contained a remittance of fifty pounds, with an earnest recommendation to Zillah to return to England immediately, and take up her abode at the house of her benevolent cousin.

Zillah thought her heart would burst, from effect of sudden joy, and she was obliged to put the letter aside for a few moments, and speak to her child, in order to recover herself. At length a flood of tears came to her relief. As she now listened to the sound of approaching footsteps, how different were her sensations to what they would have been an hour before! Then she would have dreaded lest the landlady had repented of her permission for her to remain in the house, and a thousand other vague fears would have taken possession of

her sensitive mind. But now she wished to see the proprietress, to tell her the good news, to thank her for her kindness, for Zillah quite forgot that she had met with any thing else from her. It was, then, with an elastic step and smiling face that she answered the summons at the door of her humble chamber; but instead of the landlady, she was greeted by a little sprightly lass, the good porter's daughter, who presented to Zillah a covered cup, saying, as she did, so, "Maman begs madame will take a little chocolate; it is very good, and maman has just made it on purpose for madame."

A bright drop rested for a moment on the long dark eyelashes of the young widow, and then it fell on the extended hand of the little French maiden as she held the cup towards her. The child possessed all the tact of her nation, and took no notice of this evidence of some strong feeling, but began to caress the infant whom Zillah held in her arms. "Ah, how pretty she is, madame," said the good-natured girl; "what sweet blue eyes she has!" Zillah smiled through her tears, and said, "Thank you, my little Angélique; and pray, tell your mother that I am much obliged to her, and that I accept her kind offering with pleasure." "But madame must take it directly, while it is quite hot," replied the child, "or it will not be so nice." So saying, she was hastily descending the stairs, when Zillah called her back, and begged that she would request the landlady to come to speak to her as soon as convenient.

When Angélique re-entered her mother's lodge, and had delivered the messages entrusted to her, she added, "The lady shed tears, maman, when she took the cup out of my hand."

"Did she?" said the portress. "Poor young creature, she has heard of some fresh troubles, perhaps, in that letter; but run, tell madame that she is wanted up stairs."

The landlady soon presented herself, and Zillah communicated to her the pleasing change in her affairs. The intelligence was received with great satisfaction; and, to do her justice, it was not merely the prospect of obtaining the payment of the money owing to herself that produced this emotion. She was really and truly pleased that Zillah was thus relieved from her troubles—for she thought only of pecuniary ones—and she apologised for the harshness she had formerly been guilty of, quite as much from a sense of regret as from that of shame.

We must pass over the details of Zillah's movements, and hasten her return to her native land. Before leaving Paris, however, she had the pleasure of testifying her gratitude to the worthy porter and his wife for their sympathy in her hour of need. The poor people shed tears as they bade her adieu, and Angélique waved her handkerchief until she could no longer see the carriage.

Travelling was not so expeditious in those times as it is now, and many days elapsed before Zillah and her little Ellen found themselves in London. It was late in the evening when they arrived at their cousin Mildred's residence. The old lady left her seat at the drawing-room window, where she had been watching for them, and hastened down stairs to receive the widow and her child. No words were spoken by either party, but they clasped each other in their arms, and wept. At last Mrs. Mildred disengaged herself from Zillah, and turned towards Ellen, who, attracted by the lights and bustle, was laughing and clapping her little hands.

"She is a beauty!" exclaimed cousin Mildred, taking the merry infant from the servant who held her.

"Hush," said Zillah; "do not say that; she may understand you, young as she is, and that would be dangerous."

The little girl laughed again more merrily than before, and hid her rosy face on her good cousin's shoulder. The old lady smiled affectionately, and caressed the child with great tenderness. Oh, how sweetly the voice of her kinswoman fell upon the ear of Zillah! and the sight of her fatherless child thus folded in her arms, added to her joy. But Mrs. Mildred had yet much to accomplish. She had determined, as far as lay in her power, to complete the work of peace which she had commenced. Taking the arm of the trembling Zillah beneath her own, she led her to the drawing-room, where she made her partake of some refreshment, soothing her all the time with words of affection and encouragement, and answering her questions respecting her parents with tender caution. Zillah was too much excited to perceive the restraint in her good cousin's manner when speaking on the latter point; and her inquiries followed each other too rapidly to enable her to receive direct answers to all, so that in the confusion of her thoughts, she only recollected that her father and mother had left London, and were settled in the country.

Fatigued with her journey, she was glad to retire to rest early, and her benevolent kinswoman reserved any further communications until the next day.

The morning dawned, and Zillah arose refreshed and strengthened; but her heart yearned towards her parents, and she repeated the prayer she had so often offered to heaven, that she might be permitted to see them once again, and that their anger might be changed for forgiveness. Mrs. Mildred entered her room while she was dressing, and after an interchange of affectionate inquiries, they descended together to breakfast. The social meal being over, they repaired to the library, which communicated with the drawing-room. The kind old lady placed Zillah on the sofa, and taking her hand tenderly, as she sat down beside her, said, "My love, I have an object to accomplish, in which you must assist me."

The young widow fixed her eyes anxiously on Mrs. Mildred, and replied, that anything which she could do to prove her gratitude to so beloved a friend would indeed afford her great happiness.

"Well, my dear," returned her cousin, "all that will be required is a little patience and calmness. Listen, then, to what I have to say, and do not interrupt me, since, for reasons which I will explain by and by, we have but a short time for conversation. I told you, my beloved Zillah, that your parents were gone to reside in the country. Several months had elapsed since their departure from town, when I received your letter from Paris; and after I had answered it, I could not rest without making a great effort to induce your father to consent to a reconciliation with you."

"It was a deed worthy of an angel," exclaimed Zillah in a voice trembling from emotion.

"Hush, my love! let me proceed; time presses. But last night your poor spirits were unequal to hear what I had to tell. Now, attend. I knew it was useless to write to your father, for had he seen your name in the letter, he would have refused to read it; so I took post-horses, and went in person to plead your cause. On my arrival at—, your mother was not at home, but I was welcomed most kindly by your father, who probably thought my visit was the result of one of the caprices of an old woman. I was anxious not to excite my cousin, but I thought it advisable to disclose the object of my sudden appearance at once, trusting to Providence for success. Taking his hand in mine, then—just as I hold yours now, dear Zillah—I said, 'Cousin, she is a widow, in distress, in a foreign land.' I felt your father's hand tremble, and looking in his face, saw that it was pale as a marble statue. I then ventured to continue in a low voice, 'Forgive her, cousin; she is penitent.'"

"You spoke truth!" exclaimed Zillah passionately. "God knows I am penitent!"

"Stop, my dear, our time is so very short," interrupted the old lady.

Zillah wondered why they should be so extremely pressed for time; but she was too anxious to hear the rest to make any further remark.

Mrs. Mildred proceeded: "I waited for your father to speak, and at last the hard struggle between parental love and long-indulged anger terminated. The former triumphed. He rushed from the room, whilst loud sobs burst from his breast. I heard his groans as he paced the apartment above. Do not speak," added the kind narrator, as she saw that Zillah was again going to give utterance to her feelings. "We have no time; here, love, take a little wine; you look faint."

It was true. Poor Zillah could scarcely support herself. At last she said, "Go on, dear kind friend."

"I must now be brief," resumed Mrs. Mildred; "suffice it to say, that your father forgave you, my dear cousin; your mother had long ago done so; and when they both found that I had already sent to beg you would return immediately to your native land, their joy was great. Your gentle mother seemed to gain new life from the idea of seeing you and your infant; for, by degrees, I told them all about you. And now, my love, tell me, do you feel equal to a meeting with those dear parents from whom you have been so long separated?"

"Oh yes!" said Zillah weeping. "Oh, how I wish they were here!"

Just then a carriage drove up to the house; but Mrs. Mildred desired Zillah to remain quietly where she was, as she had given orders that they should not be disturbed. There was, however, a sound of feet on the stairs, and the old lady seemed agitated. The door of the adjoining room was opened, and some persons entered. Zillah was so absorbed, however, in her own feelings, that although she heard these movements, she was, as it were, unconscious of them.

Mrs. Mildred kissed her forehead, and then, saying that she would return in a few minutes, left the library.

The widow remained for a short space still engrossed by her own thoughts. At last a voice, proceeding from the drawing-room, startled her. The tones were those she had heard in her childhood; they were her mother's gentle accents! Transfixed to the spot, Zillah stood in the middle of the room—her hands pressed against her beating heart, and her beautiful head bent forward in the attitude of listening. Thus was she found by Mrs. Mildred, who entered, leading the little Allen by the hand. The child ran to her mother, and caught hold of her robe with her tiny fingers. This action recalled Zillah to herself; and taking up the astonished infant, she cried, "Cousin, they are there! Oh, let me see them! My child will plead for me."

"You shall see them, dearest Zillah," said the benevolent old lady, opening the folding door, and the parents and child were soon in each other's arms.

Forgiveness and penitence marked that meeting, and sorrow was soothed by the voice of affection. Tears fell abundantly, but they consoled and relieved the heart. The little Ellen was caressed in her turn, and her young mother smiled through her tears, when she heard her own beloved parents express their admiration of her infantine beauty. But with these joyous feelings and recollections were mingled. Zillah thought of her husband, whom she had so much loved, and for whose sake she had suffered so severely. She could have wished that he, too, had been spared to acknowledge his errors to her parents, and to receive their pardon. These beloved relatives guessed the thoughts which were passing through her mind, and they spoke indulgently of the dead, avoiding all allusions to his errors. Mrs. Mildred had retired from the affecting scene, and was weeping for joy in the next room. Her heart was all kindness, and her feelings as unsophisticated as those of a child. She was now summoned to join those who owed their present happiness to her. It was soon settled that cousin Mildred's society was essential to their future comfort, and that they never could be separated from her. A few weeks, therefore, after this happy meeting, the whole family went into the country, where they passed the remainder of their days in peace, Zillah devoting herself to the comfort of her beloved parents and cousin, and thus endeavouring to atone for the many sorrows of which she had been the cause.

DISCOVERIES ON THE NORTH COAST OF AMERICA.

(Second Notice.)

In an article last week we detailed the origin and objects of the late expedition to the Arctic Ocean, fitted out by the Hudson's Bay Company, and intrusted to the direction of Messrs. Dease and Simpson. We also traced its progress, from the time the party left Red River settlement, in the winter of 1836, throughout their descent of the Mackenzie, and their successful exploration of the Arctic coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie to Cape North, during the following summer, up to their return to winter quarters, on Great Bear Lake, towards the end of September, 1837. We shall now follow the expedition in its further progress during the summers of 1838 and 1839.

Having reached winter quarters on the 23d of September they found that their foraging party had secured a position on the eastern extremity of the lake, which not only commanded an extensive prospect of the water, but was well sheltered, and had a natural landing place of rocks for the boats at the very door. A log-house having been constructed, which was dignified with the name of "Fort Confidence," and the boats and other apparatus being secured, the men were dispersed in detachments, some to fish, others to hunt, and others to procure wood for fuel. By the 5th of October the lake was frozen in, snow had fallen to the depth of several feet, and winter had commenced his lone and dreary reign. "I spent," says Mr. Simpson, "a great part of the months of October and November in hunting excursions with the Indians. The deer fortunately began to draw in from the north-east to the country between Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine; and as soon as any animals were shot, I despatched a share of the prey by our people and dogs to the establishment; at the same time I highly relished the animation of the chase, and the absolute independence of an Indian life. Our tents were usually pitched in the last of the stunted straggling woods; whence we issued out at daybreak among the bare snowy hills of the 'barren lands,' where the deer could be distinguished a great way off, by the contrast of their dun colour with the pure white of the boundless waste. The hunters then disperse, and advance in such a manner, as to intercept the deer in their confused retreat to windward—the direction they almost inevitably follow. On one occasion, I witnessed an extraordinary instance of affection in these timid creatures. Having brought down a fine doe at some distance, I was running forward to despatch her with my knife, when a handsome young buck bounded up, and raised his fallen favourite with his antlers. She went a few paces, and fell; again he raised her, and continued wheeling around her, till a second bull—for hunger is ruthless—laid him dead at her side."

The country in the neighbourhood of Bear Lake is described as undulating

and tolerably wooded, and Mr. Simpson noticed several trees that had attained a diameter of eighteen inches, which is large timber for such a barren and rocky country. To the east and north the wood entirely disappeared, the surface presented a continuous series of plains and swamps, and was altogether so waste and dreary, that it receives the appellation of the "Barrens"—a designation given to the whole north-east angle of the continent, from the 60th parallel of latitude. The entire region is apparently of primitive formation; the few rocks left exposed by the snow being of red and gray granite. This district was surveyed, during winter, by Mr. Simpson, and presented the same inhospitable features throughout. By the depth of winter, few of the animal creation remained in the neighbourhood of Fort Confidence; and the party of course fared chiefly on preserved provisions, fish, of which the lake yielded an inexhaustible supply even under seven feet ice, and on fresh rein-deer and musk-ox flesh, which was provided by relays of native hunters, from more sheltered regions. There was no lack of good fare. "By this time," says Mr. Simpson, "we had, through our indefatigable exertions, accumulated two or three weeks' provision in advance, and no scarcity was experienced during the remainder of the season. The daily ration served out to each man was increased from eight to ten, and to some individuals twelve pounds of venison; or, when they could be got, four or five white fish, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds! This quantity of solid food, immoderate as it may appear, does not exceed the average standard of the country; and ought certainly to appease even the inordinate appetite of a French Canadian."

The winter, on the whole, presented nothing uncommon for an Arctic winter; though the cold was sometimes so intense, as to reduce the thermometer to 40, 56, and even 60 degrees below zero! From the 30th of November to the 12th of January, the inhabitants of Fort Confidence had not seen the sun; on the 12th, "the very children clapped their hands for joy when the bright orb first flashed above the trees; and though we did not, like the ancient Scandinavians of the Polar circle, hold a festival for his resurrection, our feelings were perhaps no less joyful. To cheer us during this long dark interval, the loveliest of planets, Venus, appeared above our horizon in December, and continued to shine upon our solitary dwelling with daily-increasing altitude and lustre." The aurora borealis was of course, during this period, an almost constant phenomenon, though "its displays were seldom very brilliant, and it hardly ever exhibited those vivid prismatic tints which are admired in lower latitudes." February was the severest month, March was also cold and dreary, and it was not till the 24th of April that "the thermometer rose at noon to the freezing point, for the first time since the 17th of October, a period of six months and a week!" On the 15th of May, a solitary goose, the first harbinger of spring, flew over Fort Confidence; followed, a few days after, by some swans, divers, and other aquatic birds. This was the signal that the winter had passed; the Indians who had congregated about the fort began to disperse to the hunting grounds, and the expedition to prepare for further exploration.

By the 6th of June (1838,) the ice had so much broken up, that the expedition commenced operations. Their first duty was to cross from Great Lake to Coppermine River, a tract of country occupied by rivers, lakes, and swamps. This difficult part of the journey was performed sometimes by dropping down the rivers, sometimes by travelling on foot and towing the boats, and at other times by actually dragging the boats in sledge-fashion over the melting ice and snow. However, they had sport and feasting in abundance, as herds of deer and musk-cattle were continually passing them on their way to the pasture plains; while the white wolf and northern bear afforded the higher excitement and perils of the chase. On the 20th they arrived at Coppermine River, which, after some days' delay, was descended with extreme danger:—"From Sir John Franklin's description of the lower part of the Coppermine, we anticipated a day of dangers and excitement; nor were we disappointed. Franklin made his descent on the 15th of July, when the river had fallen to its summer level; but we were swept down by the spring flood, now at its very height. The swollen and tumultuous stream was still strewn with loose ice, while the inaccessible banks were piled up with ponderous fragments. The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives, to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon, we came in sight of Escape Rapid of Franklin; and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex, and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock, which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose. Our next impulse was to turn round to view the fate of our comrades behind. They had profited by the peril we incurred, and kept without the treacherous rock in time. The waves there were still higher, and for a while we lost sight of our friends. When they emerged, the first object visible was the bowman disgorging part of an intrusive wave which he had swallowed, and looking half-drowned. Mr. Dease afterwards told me that the spray, which completely enveloped them, formed a gorgeous rainbow around the boat."

On the 6th of July, the party were once more on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, pushing their way eastward through the ice, after the same laborious fashion which characterised the westward progress of the previous summer. The season of 1838, however, was not so favourable; ice-winds, fogs, snows, and deluges of rain were extremely prevalent, and these, in conjunction with the excessive irregularity of the coast-line, much retarded their progress. By the 20th of August, they had only reached the farthest point gained by Franklin in 1821, and the appearance of the ice seemed to forbid any farther advance with the boats. Accordingly, Mr. Simpson, as on the former season, mustered a little foot-party of seven, and in Esquimaux fashion set out a ten days' journey to the eastward, leaving Mr. Dease with the boats to await his return. This hazardous undertaking was crowned with signal success, and the discovery of Victoria Land, separated from the main continent by a narrow strait, was the triumph of his enterprise. Having ascertained the existence of this new land, and having reached the 106th degree of west longitude, Mr. Simpson retraced his steps, and rejoined the main body of the expedition on the 29th of August. The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter quarters, and accordingly their course was reversed, and Coppermine River safely re-entered on the 3d of September. The ascent was chiefly accomplished by towing, the current of the rapids being greatly lessened by the

"I had the curiosity," says Mr. Simpson, "when the thermometer stood at 49 degrees below zero, to cast a pistol bullet of quicksilver, which, at ten paces, passed through an inch plank, but flattened and broke against the wall three or four paces beyond it."

subsiding of the waters, which had taken place to the extent of thirty feet since the expedition descended; and on the 14th, our travellers were regaling themselves under the shelter of Fort Confidence.

With the exception of the discovery of Victoria Land, the campaign of 1838 was of itself little satisfactory; but taken in connexion with a knowledge of the route, and the deposits of provisions and ammunition, it became of essential service to future proceedings. During the laborious exertions necessary to the progress of the expedition, there was little opportunity for observations on the natural history and features of the country; but we glean from Mr. Simpson's narrative several facts which seem worthy of notice. It has been stated that the district around Fort Confidence was granitic; as they advanced eastward, gneiss, slate-rock, red sandstone, and conglomerate, were successively met with, the latter being sometimes broken up by effusions of trap. In this primary district many metalliferous stones were observed; and the name, Coppermine River, is sufficiently indicative of the fact, which had been observed by former travellers. Specimens of copper ore, native copper, and lead ore, were frequently picked up, and "the cliffs were everywhere stained with verdigris, indicating the presence of the metal, which undoubtedly abounds in these regions." Unlike the coast of the western Arctic, which chiefly consisted of low mud-banks resting on a substratum of yellow clay, the eastern coast was bold and precipitous, Cape Alexander rising from the ocean to the height of several hundred feet. The tide also flowed more freely and regularly, rising to the height of three feet, occasionally fringing the beach with shells and sea-weed, thus indicating its connexion with a more open and genial ocean. Generally speaking, the same land and aquatic animals were met with, the insect tribes (mosquitoes, &c.) being more numerous; and the same sort of vegetation was observed, even "flowers of various hues" adorning the scanty sward of these Hyperborean regions.

The winter transactions at Fort Confidence in 1838-39 were little diversified from those of the previous season unless that the natives squatted in greater numbers around the establishment. We shall therefore dismiss this portion of the narrative, merely extracting the following graphic sketch of Indian gastronomy:—"No people so soon get tired of any particular diet as Indians; and their longings for change, even amidst the best cheer, are often truly ridiculous. The flexibility of their stomachs is no less surprising. At one time they will gorge themselves with food, and are then prepared to go without any for several days, if necessary. Enter their tents; sit there if you can for a whole day, and not for an instant will you find the fire unoccupied by persons of all ages cooking. When not hunting or travelling, they are, in fact, always eating. Now, it is a little roast, a partridge, or rabbit perhaps; now, a tid-bit broiled under the ashes; anon, a portly kettle, well filled with venison, swings over the fire; then comes a choice dish of curdled blood, followed by the sinews and marrow-bones of deers' legs singed on the embers; and so the grand business of life goes unceasingly round, interrupted only by sleep." Another physical singularity of the northern Indian which Mr. Simpson notices is, that, though capable of resisting the most intense cold, they are so fond of fire, that they will be found squatting on the hearth, where a white man would speedily be roasted. This, however, is not the case with the Esquimaux, who seem to have no idea of fire as a means of warmth, and never approach it unless for the purposes of cooking their rude meals.

The summer of 1839 opened with unusually bright prospects; the Coppermine River was clear of ice sixteen days earlier than in 1838; and by the 1st of July, our adventurers were for the third time coasting along the shores of the Polar Ocean; vegetation had also made greater progress; the ground was comparatively dry; the chase yielded more abundant provision; while the mouths of the rivers teemed with salmon "not at all inferior to those of Scottish waters." By the end of July, Melbourne Island and Ellice River (much larger than the Coppermine) had been discovered and passed; and by the 13th of August, Back's Point, in the estuary of Great Fish River, was safely arrived at. "All the objects for which the expedition was so generously instituted were now accomplished; but Mr. Dease and myself were not quite satisfied. We had determined the northern limits of America to the westward of the Great Fish River; it still remained a question whether Boothia Felix might not be united to the continent on the other side of the estuary. The men, who had never dreamed of going farther, were therefore summoned, and the importance of proceeding some distance to the eastward explained to them; when, to their honour, all assented without a murmur." Accordingly the sails were again bent, and the east headland of the Great Fish River estuary doubled on the 18th. This they designated "Cape Britannia," raised a pile of ponderous stones, deposited a sealed bottle containing an outline of their proceedings, and again held on to the eastward. By the 20th, they had reached the 94th degree of west longitude; but the wind now shifted into the east, and "in the night-time some flocks of Canada geese flew southwards, a sure sign of an approaching change in the season." To have proceeded further would have been foolhardiness, and the more, that the object of their mission had been attained, and the formerly delineated Gulf of Boothia on the eastward in full view before them. A monument was therefore reared on the headland they had reached, fronting the opposite coast of Boothia Felix, and preparations made for returning. On the 21st of August, the wind, which forbade their advance, gave wings to their retreat, and bore them back the same night to Cape Britannia. They then crossed the strait (ten miles in width,) and coasted along Boothia Felix for sixty or seventy miles; re-crossed to the mainland of America till in 105 degrees west longitude, when opposite Victoria Land. Here they again left the American side, and coasted along the newly discovered land for nearly 200 miles. Mr. Simpson considers Victoria Land as likely to be a large island, separated on the east from Boothia Felix, and on the west from Wollaston Land by narrow straits or channels. Boothia Felix they found to be "a limestone country, low and uninteresting, but abounding in rein-deer, musk-cattle, and old native encampments;" the cliffs of Victoria Land presented a bold beetling front of red sandstone, "faced with everlasting ice," yet around its shores were the traces of Esquimaux encampments.

It was now the middle of September, and winter had set in with severity. The party pursued their homeward track unremittingly, night and day; and on the 16th, made their entrance into the Coppermine, after by far the longest voyage ever performed in boats on the Polar Sea, the distance being not less than 1631 statute miles! At the rapids, they lightened themselves by leaving "one of their sweet little craft, the sails, masts, iron-works, some dressed leather, skins, old nets, oil-cloths, and surplus pemican," which would no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to the poor Esquimaux who frequent that station. And well did these poor fellows deserve it; for, unlike their pilfering and treacherous brethren of the far west, they had been uniformly quiet, shy, and inoffensive; while one family exhibited an extraordinary trait of good faith, which puts even civilised communities to the blush. On descending the rapids in June, Mr. Dease, anxious to obtain a pair of Esquimaux boots for his own use, gave his measure to the head of this family, and paid him, stating that he would return

to the river by September. When the expedition returned, the Esquimaux family had gone to their hunting-grounds, but the boots were left attached to a long pole planted on the bank of the river! The ascent of the river was soon accomplished. On the 24th, the friendly shelter of Fort Confidence was reached; on the 26th, it was abandoned, and the goods and chattels distributed among the Indians; and on the following day, the gallant adventurers were on their homeward journey to Red River Settlement. Here Mr. Simpson arrived after a journey of most extraordinary celerity, having traversed 1910 miles on foot in sixty-one days, including all stoppages!

So far all had terminated well, and our traveller had gained for himself immortal honours. He had established the existence of the long-sought-for "north-west passage;" he had completed the survey of the Arctic coast of America, between the point reached by Beechey from the Pacific, and that to which Ross had penetrated from the Atlantic. The civilised world resounded with the triumph of his indomitable perseverance; but the spirit of his enterprise was not quenched. He longed to unriddle the intricate complication of straits, gulfs, inlets, and islands, which lie in and around the Gulf of Boothia, and for that purpose had memorialised the Hudson's Bay Company. At Red River he remained, anxiously waiting for letters from England, which would authorise his proceeding on his new expedition. With their wonted spirit and liberality, the Company immediately acceded to the proposal; but some delay occurred in the transmission of the letters. Grievously disappointed and impatient, Simpson started for Canada, with the view of proceeding in person to England. On the 6th of June 1840, he left Red River Settlement, accompanied by a party of settlers and half-breeds. Eager to advance, he soon got tired of their slow movements, and went ahead in company with four of the latter! The fact is clear enough, though the circumstances are involved in mystery. "All that can be ascertained (we quote the memoir prefixed to the volume) is, that on the afternoon of the 13th of June, Mr. Simpson shot two of his companions; that the other two mounted their horses and rejoined the larger party, a part of which went to the encampment, where Mr. Simpson was alone, on the next morning; and that Mr. Simpson's death then took place. Whether he shot these men in self-defence (for he had incurred the ill-will of the race,) and was subsequently put to death by their companions, or whether the severe stretch to which his faculties had been subjected for several years brought on a temporary hallucination of mind, under the influence of which the melancholy event took place, is known only to God and to the surviving actors in that tragedy. Thus perished, before he had completed his thirty-second year,† Thomas Simpson, a man of great ardour, resolution, and perseverance; one who had already achieved a great object, and who has left a name which will be classed by posterity with that of Cook, Parry, Landner, and Franklin."

THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS.

No I.

Proceeding up the Rue du Temple in Paris, we come, before reaching the Boulevards, to a large building occupying the angle formed by the junction of this street with the Rue de la Corderie. This is the most ancient palace of the Knights Templars, being the house in which resided the chief, or Grand Master, as he was called, of that famous association, once so eminent for its wealth and power, but destined to be better remembered in after-times for the lesson of the instability of human grandeur bequeathed by it to history in its sudden downfall.

The order of Knights Templars was one of those grotesque confederacies of military monks which grew out of the Crusades. Its founders were nine of the followers of Godfrey of Bouillon, who soon after the conquest of Jerusalem united themselves by a vow to defend the holy city and its devout visitors from the outrages of the Paynim. The zeal of these pious chevaliers rapidly attracted imitators; and many of the other Christian warriors having joined their company, King Baldwin II. in 1118, granted the Society for their residence a building contiguous to the Temple; whence the name by which they were thenceforth known. In 1128, they were recognized by the council of Troves, when a rule or constitution was prescribed to them, and a white cloak, with a red cross on the left shoulder, was appointed to be the uniform or canonical attire of the order. After this the community speedily spread itself over the different countries of Christendom; and in course of time it acquired establishments in France, England, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Sardinia, Sicily, Cyprus, Constantinople, and elsewhere.

Paris, however, became eventually the principal seat of the Templars. The earliest notice that has been discovered of their appearance in this city, is the record of a chapter of the order which was held here in the year 1147, and at which 130 members were present. On this occasion it is probable that the knights assembled in a house (long after known by the name of Le Vieux Temple) which they had near the Place St. Gervais, and a tower belonging to which was standing in the last century behind the choir of the church of St. Jean-en-Greve. The Templars had fixed themselves, however, in the Nille Neuve du Temple, as it was then called, before the year 1182.

For many years after this time the order of the soldiery of the Temple subsisted in honour and renown. The grand duty imposed upon them, and which formed the main purpose of their institution,—the defence, namely, of the Holy Land against the infidels,—they must at least be allowed to have sustained with a valor and devotedness not to be surpassed. Throughout the long and fluctuating struggle between the Cross and the Crescent which fills the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we find the templars among the foremost of the brave wherever danger is to be encountered: and at Jerusalem, at Cyprus, at Ptolemais, or at whatever other point was for the moment the focus of the contention, shedding their blood freely in "the imminent deadly breach," or the battle-field. "Clothed in simple attire, and covered with dust," says the eloquent St. Bernard, in one of those addresses by which he so powerfully promoted the second crusade, "they present a visage embrowned by the heat of the sun, and a look haughty and severe: at the approach of battle they arm themselves with faith within and with iron without; their weapons are their only ornament, and those they use with courage in the greatest perils, fearing neither the number nor the strength of the barbarians: all their trust is in the God of armies; and in combating for his cause, they seek a sure victory or a holy and honourable death. Oh! happy mode of life, in which death is waited

* From all discoveries which have yet been made in the regions of the Arctic Ocean, it seems evident that this passage can never be of any commercial utility, at least so long as the present Hyperborean temperature remains the same.

† Mr. Simpson was a native of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, of which little burgh his father had long exercised the functions of magistrate. He was born on the 2d of July 1808, was educated for the Scotch church, and took honours at the college of Aberdeen. In 1829 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the urgent request of Mr. (now Sir George) Simpson, then Governor of the Company's territories in America. On the knowledge of his discoveries reaching England in 1839, the Royal Geographical Society awarded to him their gold medal; but the honour never reached him; and on the same month in which he died, the British government intimated its intention of bestowing upon him a pension of £100 per annum, in testimony of his adventurous services.

for without fear, desired with joy, and received with assurance of salvation!" And this true military spirit continued to animate them so long as they formed a community. All the wealth and power which they acquired never made them forget that they were the soldiers of the Faith, or tempted them to shrink from any exertion or exposure to which that title called them.

As for the general morals of the Templars, it may probably be admitted that they were not always so unexceptionable as the service to which they had devoted themselves, and the vows by which they were bound, would seem to demand. The period during which they flourished, notwithstanding its spirit of religious enthusiasm, was distinguished by anything rather than purity of manners. Even the combination of devotion and licentiousness in the same character was no uncommon phenomenon; it seemed to be imagined that the one kept the other in countenance. The Crusades themselves were the means of inundating Europe with a tide of immorality, in the disorderly habits which the soldiers of these expeditions brought home with them from their wild campaigns as well as in that breaking-up of all the regularities of peaceful industry, and that universal unsettlement of society, which the rush of so many adventurers to foreign lands had previously occasioned. The Templars, it may be supposed did not remain untainted in the midst of this prevailing dissoluteness; and many of them, doubtless, while spending their lives at the rude trade of war, often forgot that they were monks, and demeaned themselves very much after the fashion of their brother soldiers. It is probable, also, that when quartered in the spacious and splendidly furnished residences which belonged to them in France and elsewhere, they took the liberty of mitigating the severity of monastic discipline by many indulgences not hinted at in their statutes, as had been done by other religious communities, without having so good an excuse to plead either in their past services and toils, or in the temptations, to which their mode of life had exposed them. Their great wealth, in short, the power with which it armed them, and the plentiful enjoyments of all sorts which it afforded them the means of procuring, may have made both pride and luxurious indulgence common characteristics of the order; and to this extent the charge of degeneracy and corruption which was brought against them was probably well founded.

But of the impiety and enormous profligacy of which they were accused when the object was to accomplish the destruction of the order, certainly no proof has ever been advanced. In a work published a few years ago in France, by M. Raynour, in which the subject has been examined with great ingenuity and research, and by the aid of many unprinted documents which had never before been brought forward in its illustration, it has been abundantly shown that, up to the moment when it was resolved to sacrifice them, the character of the Templars had remained entirely unblemished by any of the calumnies of which they were then made the victims, and the suspicion of the partial truth of which has continued to cast a shade over the memory of the unfortunate chevaliers. Although many writers have, since the dissolution of the order, given way to the expression of unfavourable surmises with regard to the conduct of its members, no trace of any such imputations is to be found in any production which appeared before that event. On the contrary, not only are the Knights Templars the theme of commendation with the most daring libellers of other churchmen, but we find their valor, their piety, and their munificent charity extolled in the warmest terms only a few years before their suppression by the very men who were so soon to become their persecutors and destroyers. All this certainly does not demonstrate their innocence, but it establishes at least their unsullied reputation, and shows that the unfavourable impressions which have been entertained with regard to them by some authorities in modern times have originated merely in the same evidence which was brought forward to justify the condemnation of the order, and have no other foundation to stand upon. The character and real value of this evidence, however, fortunately do not admit of much dispute.

Philip IV. of France, surnamed the Fair (le Bel) was one of the most resolute and energetic characters that ever occupied the throne of that or any other country. He had become king by the death of his father, Philip III. in 1285, when he was only in his seventeenth year; and from the moment when he obtained possession of the royal authority, he showed himself determined that it should at least suffer no curtailment in his hands. The wars in which he engaged, although for the most part successful, involved him in financial embarrassments from which the expedients usual in that age were found at last inadequate to extricate him. Some new course of revenue, therefore, was to be found; and provided it was likely to prove worth the seizing, Philip was not the man to hesitate about his right of appropriating it, or the means to be employed for that purpose. It was in these circumstances that, after having carried the debasement of the coinage (the customary contrivance in such emergencies) as far as the people would bear, he cast his eyes upon the rich possessions of the Templars, and resolved to seek, in the destruction of that renowned fraternity, the supply of his necessities.

The instruments of whose assistance Philip mainly availed himself in this scheme, were his two ministers Enguerrand de Marigny and William de Nogaret, men devoted to his interests, and of characters similar to his own. His confederate was the Pope, Clement V., whom his influence had recently raised from the Archbishopric of Bordeaux to the chair of St. Peter, and who was his creature not merely from gratitude, and by the ordinary sympathies between client and patron, but according to some historians, under the bonds of a positive agreement. Clement, some time after his elevation, exhibited to Christendom a remarkable proof of his subserviency to the French king by transferring the seat of the papedom across the Alps to Avignon, in the dominions of that monarch.

ESPARTERO, DUKE OF VICTORY.

From the Literary Gazette.

An article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* is devoted to the biography of the ex-regent of Spain, now residing amongst us in London. It states him to have been born in 1792, the son of a respectable artisan, at Granatula, a village in La Mancha. At the age of sixteen, whilst being educated by his uncle, a monk, he girded on the sabre, and as one in the sacred levies, fought against the French invaders of his native land. He then studied in the Military school of the Isla de Leon, and accompanied Morillo as a lieutenant in his expedition to the Spanish main, to re-establish the authority of the mother country. Here he fought in the numerous battles which ensued, and rose in rank, till sent home with colours taken in Peru, whither he was soon followed by the Ayacucho generals,* his late companions in arms. From 1825 to 1830 was spent partly in Majorca, as colonel of the regiment of Soria; and he had previously married his duchess, a lady of great beauty, distinction, and wealth, near Lograno on the Ebro. Ultimately raised to the command of the Christina army, he re-

* Canterac, Rodi, Secane, Maroto, Nervaez, Carrabate, Alala, Aracoz, Villalobos; so called from their capitulation at Ayacucho, and being sent home by the victorious independents under Paez.

stored discipline, often compromised his own private fortune to keep the troops paid, and successfully restrained the Carlists from Bilbao to Pampeluna. Between the Moderados and Exaltados he preserved a personal neutrality; and events at last exalted him to the eminent position of ruler or sole Regent of Spain in the name of the young Queen. The reviewer says, that the officers were from the first disinclined towards Espartero, but that the soldiers were attached to him. He also proclaims his morality, simplicity of life, patriotism, and perfect honesty, and the absence of every species of corruption from his court at Madrid; which has raised him high in the estimation of the well-informed and industrious citizens of the capital, and also in Saragossa, Cadiz, and other similar communities; whilst the Catalonians were hostile in consequence of believing that he was favourable to English manufactures.

We have abridged this sketch from our contemporary, because we think we have it in our power to add some information to it, of interest to our readers and the public generally, at the moment when its subject is so much the topic of conversation in every circle, and of observation in every periodical. The bravery of Espartero, tried in a hundred fights, and his virtues, more sorely tried by the seductive eminence of fame and power to which he attained, as well as the particulars of his career, are fairly stated; and what we have to relate (we believe on undoubted authority) will serve to illustrate these previous remarks.

In New Spain, as is well known, the spirit of gaming is widely spread; and all ranks indulge in that excitement to a perilous degree. The Spanish officers partook of the common passion. On one occasion, Espartero was so much the favourite of fortune, that after a long sederunt, he rose the winner of 30,000 dollars from the General Canterac mentioned above. On retiring from the gaming-table, the latter, feeling the heavy extent of his imprudence, said in a depressed manner to his companion, "Espartero, I owe you 30,000 dollars!" "No," replied the other, laying his hand on his arm, "in that room which we have left you owed me 30,000 dollars, but here, now, you owe me nothing!" The generosity evinced by the anecdote needs no comment.

When, by the votes of the Cortes, Espartero became Regent, multitudes flocked towards him for places, crosses, pensions, provisions, and distinctions. Among others, a very near relative came from the country, of whom, after receiving a few visits from him, he inquired what had brought him to Madrid. With some hesitation he stated that he had come to look for a maintenance for himself and his family, now that things had changed so favourably for their prospects. "How much will do for that purpose?" asked the Regent. So much, he replied, fancying the office already conferred; but judge his surprise when his (we were going to say) brother addressed him, "Return to your home, and whilst I live I will allow you that sum; but if you suppose that I, who have elevated myself so high from so low a station by warring against corruption, am going to saddle you on the country, you never in your life committed so gross a mistake. The only way for you to receive this allowance from my private purse is by quitting Madrid within twenty-four hours."

Espartero's proceedings after his march to Albacete have never been accounted for or explained. We are informed, that when he reached that place, he found that all the officers of the army had been bought over by a rich allotment of a million and a half of money which had been sent into Spain to purchase his downfall. The army, but too ill paid, was easily seduced by gold and intrigue; and the ill-fed troops, like a hungry horse, took their food wherever it was offered to them, without troubling to ask the question whether their officers were traitors or not.

Accused by his enemies, and some of them most ungrateful ones, of avarice or sordidness, it may be stated that the quarter part of Espartero's allowance as Regent has not been paid to him. His resources are the fortune brought him by his loved and affectionate lady. Why he did not throw himself on Madrid, and the fervent attachment to him and his cause of its 12,000 national guards and other respectable citizens, we have no ground to know; but we think that what we have told sufficiently accounts for his wavering at Albacete, where his whole plans were deranged by unexpected treachery, and he was taught to feel that his dependence on imagined friends and supporters was most insecure and dangerous. The Spanish people, we believe, have been quite passive during the late revolution; and it is most probable that a re-action, founded on a just appreciation of his sound constitutional and commercial policy, will lead to his being invited to return to Spain. Whether, more happy in a private station, he would accept the call or not, is a question we cannot solve; our opinion is that nothing short of a national demonstration would tempt his patriotism to sacrifice his domestic repose and felicity.

A SECOND LESSON DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Jonas Fairbrow was for fifty years a leading man in the first city in the world. All his sayings, wherever they were heard, were considered to be as good as his doings—and these were equal to the best. Not a breath of dishonour ever fell momentarily upon his bright name; not the slightest trace of crookedness was ever discoverable in his open, honest, straightforward mode of business.

Every body, however professionally suspicious, and however little skilled in other kinds of character, was firmly persuaded that he thoroughly knew Jonas Fairbrow. Not to see through him, indeed, would have been esteemed a sort of blindness—a mental dulness equal to an incapacity for seeing a reflection in a mirror, or pebbles at the bottom of a lucid stream.

So clear seemed his entire character, presented to the searching eye at all points of it, that there was, as far as appearances went, nothing whatever in it to hide, and concealment seemed impossible. No eye, carefully examining a piece of amber, but must see whether grubs and worms were enclosed in it or not; and with as much apparent certainty would any wriggling, grubbing qualities have been detected in the character of Fairbrow—if they had been there.

The lustre that shone in him was the lustre of justice, of probity, of honour—not of generosity, of chivalrous munificence. He did not profess to be influenced by any of those flashy qualities that rather dazzle and blind us, than lighten our way, as a good example should do. True, he would now and then contribute to a fund for some benevolent purpose, when he saw in the public advertisement that it was supported by persons whom he approved; and he allowed his name to be inscribed (gold letters on a purple ground) in a conspicuous part of the parish church, as a beneficent patron of the charity-school. Yet although it might be thus said of him, that he loved his neighbour as himself, it was with the qualification suggested by the reflection, that in point of fact he had many neighbours, and that to act too handsomely by one of them to-day, would be to incur the shame of acting too shabbily by another to-morrow. He was, for the most part, content to be just—liberal when he could—never less than independent—but always just.

Other men, when they were settling a large account, or paying cash down, never thought of handing in the odd twopence-halfpenny; but Jonas Fairbrow

was as particular on the penny-point as the pound one—nay, if but one farthing was due from him, upon an account of thousands, that humble coin he would insist upon rendering unto Cæsar, as a thing that, being rightly his, could not be rightly kept from him. Other men, moreover, would often receive or pay trifling sums without much anxiety about twopenny stamps—Jonas Fairbrow would as soon have committed the oversight of paying when he should receive—merging his own identity as a creditor in that of a debtor—as have lost sight of the state's interest in the transaction.

So scrupulous, so conscientious even to a fault was he, in all business dealings, large and small. His repute, as we have intimated, was in proportion. Diogenes, if he had lived in our day, would assuredly have blown out his candle, and invited himself to take a seat after his long walk, the instant he had found out Jonas. Found out Jonas! Alack, this is an unlucky phrase, and prematurely brings on the catastrophe.

Jonas Fairbrow was, in truth, a wonderful scoundrel.

What the world said of him was very true, that he would not cheat you of a farthing; but this was not in reality because he was too honest, but because he was too knowing to play at hazard for such a coin. He considered integrity to be too valuable a commodity, weighed according to the prejudices of the world, to be parted with for small sums. His doctrine was, that honesty was the best policy, when the amount to be otherwise obtained was not worth having.

Instead of a farthing, you should have tried him with a thousand pounds;—which means that you should not; for Jonas, who had but the week before remembered, on meeting you after a long absence, that he had unavoidably been indebted to you, during all that time, in the sum of one shilling and ninepence, the balance of an old account, would assuredly repay himself for this conscientious effort of the memory, by overreaching you in the grand matter.

Faithful in trifles, he secured a confidence on which he built successfully when a fortune had to pass through his fingers. Daringly rob you of the least particle of it, he would not; but quietly and safely appropriate it to his own uses, in some way, he certainly would. Put yourself in his power inadvertently—by the omission of some necessary form, by an unconsidering reliance upon his arrangements, by a carelessness of disposition, or a confidence in his good name—and Jonas Fairbrow was just the man to take every advantage of the circumstance, that cunning could suggest or law would allow. To the general eye,

Earth had not any thing to show more fair than the conscience of the respected trader—or more leprous when it was looked upon from within. The difference all resolved itself into "mum."

The magic word was ever his passport to success—his secret key to enormous wealth. All his open and public transactions prospered, for he had the benefit of unbounded faith reposed in his sagacity and trustworthiness; but his more private movements brought him to the mine of Plutus by much shorter cuts—and there were myriads of them ever winning him into their secret depths.

In the face of day, his reputation for plain-dealing would not permit him to take more than a fair rate of interest; but under cover of "mum," three hundred per cent would by no means come amiss. Publicly, no fortunate investment could be found, for the money you deposited in his hands; but mum!—and then what excellent securities offered, what channels of profit opened up, what windfalls every breeze brought!

Most people could tell how Jonas Fairbrow advanced the round sum of money required to set up the young Brothers as traders direct to Golconda; but (on account of "mum"), few understood how, when his claim upon the house thus established had passed in the course of business into other hands, the flourishing concern suddenly changed hands too, becoming the sole property of somebody unknown before, while the profits mysteriously found their way into the coffers of Jonas.

Every body in like manner could appreciate the motive with which the good man got from his embarrassed friend a list of his business debts, and then nobly paid all the creditors in full; and every body too could talk of such an act as this; but "mum" was the word when the good man proceeded with prodigious success to take possession, and carry on the business by proxy, until his friend, now without a sixpence to be sure, but thanks to the bounty of Jonas entirely free from debt, should happily discover some means of repurchasing it—that is, of paying off his one creditor, by whom the hundred had been replaced.

Without the impunity, the independence of action, ensured by an observance of the real meaning of "mum" such things as these could not conveniently be effected: Some natures would not scruple indeed—but generally speaking, there would be less comfort in taking open advantage of a friend's ruin.

The affairs of a corporation, the management of large contracts, of public trusts, of private guardianships—above all, cases, whether private or public, in which the principle of responsibility is not directly kept in view—would often wear a materially different aspect when suddenly subjected to investigation, if that profoundly moral maxim which is concentrated—centralized, it might almost be said, in the heart of the language—if the word "mum" had not been a special favourite with all parties concerned.

The honoured, the respectable, the conscientious Jonas was a profound rascal who never violated a single law, good or bad, in his life; an "incarnation" of treachery, who never broke any engagement he ever made; an impostor and a cheat, whose dealings the world decided to be integrity itself.

In the course of his fifty years of prosperity and power, he had filled half as many prisons with the victims of his policy; which the public voice, nevertheless, still pronounced to be "the best." Nay, it bestowed upon him fresh honours, while he gathered together fresh riches—as though he had secured to himself every virtue belonging to the poor wretch whom he had driven into crime, with the same ease that he had acquired all the property of the poor wretch whom he had driven into beggary.

The public only saw his hand ever upon his heart—they could not always see that most suspicious index to character, the forefinger on the lip; laid—if the seeming contradiction may be allowed—speakingly on the lip. They heard him discourse, as they fondly thought, out of the fulness of his heart; their ears caught not that muttered word of mystery, in whose low, sly significance half his biography is written.

They talked of giving him a public funeral: but so numerous are his descendants, many not unworthy of him, in the first city of the world, that the precedent was considered to be an awkward one. It is well, no doubt, for some reasons to remember such men; but better, for other and deeper ones, to blot them from the memory.

It is stated, in the *Paisley Advertiser*, that a farmer in that neighbourhood has found that, by putting garlic at the bottom of his grain stacks, he effectually prevents rats and mice from getting into them.

EXERCISE; AND ATHLETIC GAMES.

IN A SERIES OF ESSAYS.—BY THE EDITOR.

WALKING—RIDING.

The Exercise, then, to which our essay has referred, consists in a *partial* cessation from manual and mental labour, yet still consisting in action, both of body and mind, and attended with circumstances of gratification to both. It is intended also so far to relax the tension of the muscles and the intensity of thought that each may preserve its elasticity and vigour, and become the more fitted for powerful action when required. Let us now examine the different modes of exercise thus defined.

And, First, of that which is most accessible to all; Walking, or the *Promenade*. Paley in his "Natural Theology" has aptly remarked that, through the infinite benevolence of the Creator, every function of the body is attended with pleasurable emotions. Among these, not the least is that of locomotion at our own volition. Look at the young, in particular, of all the animal tribes, from that of man downwards, and observe with what irrepressible delight they skip over the ground, rejoicing in the use of their limbs. In the human race, where reason restrains, violent ebullitions of satisfaction are repressed, and children laugh at the friskings of the lamb, the kid, the calf, or the foal, which are in fact, no greater than they would themselves exhibit, if they were not early schooled into conventional notions of propriety and subdued behaviour. As we increase in years the irritability of the delight in *motion* gradually subsides, but it continues to be a gratification so long as it can be exercised without pain and difficulty. These last will arrive in the course of years, but their approach may be retarded by a judicious use of the locomotive powers during youth and manhood. To which end they should be in frequent application, but never carried out to extreme fatigue. Extreme fatigue is labour, and labour, as we have already attempted to shew, is not exercise. The unrestrained use of the limbs then, is of itself a source of exercise; this is heightened by the innate consciousness of being able to proceed as far as we please, and stop when we please. Add to this, the delight of inhaling a purer atmosphere, or even a change therein, the variety which takes place in the scene as we advance, the objects animate or inanimate which are on all sides presented to the view, the multitudinous sounds which greet the ear, the casualties which break monotony, the chance-meeting with a friend, the discovery of something curious, the starting of some idea suggested by some external object, and the conclusion of a promenade throughout which we have each been "lord of our presence;"—all these communicate a freshness and vigour to the mental faculties, whilst those of the body continue unimpaired, and render the Exercise of Walking both pleasing and useful.

There are two classes of persons for whom Walking—that is either the *Promenade* or the mere *Ramble*—have peculiar charms, and these two are at the greatest extreme apart in point of condition. They consist of the opulent and highly educated on the one hand, and the labouring and uneducated poor on the other. The former discover a thousand additional charms in the course of a walk, by the aid of a cultivated intellect and an improved and purified taste; they can give the mind pleasant exercise by the investigation of some new property or peculiarity discovered as they proceed; they catch some new idea in natural history to be marked in the commonplace book; they botanise; they inspect mineral, fossil, vegetable, geological specimens; they sit down and sketch a scene, a group, a figure; they indulge in elegant imaginings; they seat themselves in a romantic situation and permit the soul to ramble a little in pleasing contemplations; their already well-stored minds supply applications to every phenomenon that is presented to their eyes; and the fecundity of their thoughts assists to enlighten themselves as each successive idea is started. After such exercise, to a disposition properly constructed, how easily does the delighted enquirer sit down to graver discussions, either on the subjects suggested during the walk, or others which may press upon him.

The less fortunate class in this category may be said to *seize* the gratification which a *Ramble* affords. During six days of the week no thought of it obtrudes upon their recollection, unless indeed it be by way of anticipation. Hard labour, "the sweat of their brow," by which they "eat bread," is their lot until the close of the week. But observe them at the dawn of a fine Sabbath morning—except, unhappily, those who are victims of the Saturday night's dissipation—with what eagerness they betake themselves to the woods, the fields, or the banks of rivers! How fresh and smiling is all nature! How cheerful is the song of birds, how sweet the odour of flowers, how soothing the rippling of waters! Nay, even where there is not the consciousness of reflection and mental enjoyment, there is the instinctive pleasure arising from personal freedom of action, and the temporary exemption from care and solicitude.

But of this simple yet delightful exercise, the permanent enjoyment must depend greatly on its variety. To take the same route continually brings satiety and apathy in the end, and this is not a little accelerated by the pedestrian's having no fixed or determinate purpose to which he looks forward with pleasure and hope. This mode of exercise consequently is finite. And let us remember that the mere walk in the pursuance of the ordinary occupation, although it may tend to strengthen the muscles, and may be otherwise wholesome—when not carried out to severe fatigue—is not exercise in the most valuable sense of the term. A pedlar, or a messenger, may daily walk over twenty miles of ground, but the effect is exhaustion in greater or less degree, and not pleasure, save that which arises from the consciousness of sufficient physical strength for his necessary duties. The main value of this species of exercise consists in its being *available to all*, of every class of society, except only the sick and the infirm; that it is always capable of conveying pleasurable emotions even to the least cultivated of the human race; and that in proportion to the mental and intellectual culture will the pleasure be heightened, through the medium of observation and reflection.

The next description of exercise to be considered is that of Riding; and the management of the horse may be placed under two heads, namely, when mounted or on his back, or when governing him in harness. It is said that a man never feels more inwardly elevated, never feels so proud of his nature, never so completely in possession of that dominion which was given to him when first created and confirmed to him after the deluge, as when he is well mounted on horseback, with the consciousness that he can rule and manage the powerful and spirited animal which he bestrides. This, in itself, gives a tendency in no small degree to the enjoyment of equestrian exercise on the saddle. The curvets, the prancings, the eager bounds, and occasional startlings of the mettled steed, induce no other feelings than those of pride and pleasure in the skilful horseman, who, secure in his seat, and knowing how to "carry" his horse, realises in a large degree the fabled description of the centaur, so greatly do the two harmonise in motion as one. An almost imperceptible hint accelerates the speed of the noble animal, the hint of the master-hand checks it, there is an understanding between them of a mysterious nature, so that it is well said that a horse knows when he is "backed by a master."

But besides this highest point of equestrian enjoyment, the quiet rides in green lanes or over fresh commons, gives to the middle age of life, and to the unventuresome, a keener relish for the beauties of nature, for the quicker passage through the buxom air, and for the delightful languor which ensues when the ride has been completed. The muscles of the limbs have been in full exercise, the system has been agreeably shaken up, the attention has been pleasantly divided between the management of the animal and the observance of the quickly changing appearances which are presented to the rapid horseman. Variety of scene is also greatly in the power of one who can get over the surface of the ground with increased facility; in short, the equestrian possesses a sort of instinctive self-complacency which greatly adds to the enjoyment of this kind of exercise. That of driving is neither so complete in itself nor does it keep the attention in such continual play; yet the two are but different degrees of the same enjoyment, and are well calculated for different physical circumstances. As for the mere sitting in a carriage and being driven, it is suitable for age, infirmity, feminine delicacy, or passage from place to place for matters of business. The convalescent thus feels the brisk passage of fresh air over his sunken cheek. The aged, to whom rest is pleasure, experience that gentle motion which alone is fitted to their years, and even the young, by way of variety, may have the pleasure of conversation enhanced by occasional airings in a carriage, where the spirits are heightened by change of scene, rapidity of movement, and the charms of the small assembled society.

This delightful exercise, however, is limited in its applicability. It is confined to the affluent, or at least to those who are in permanently easy circumstances. It is expensive, and it has a tendency to increase expenses. True it is not difficult to hire a horse occasionally, but what kind of riding is that? The horse is a hack, the rider is generally a sack, and the latter can hardly keep on the former's back. To say the best of it, the rider has a hard pennyworth of his bargain, and the steed goes through labors and endures privations that we do not like to think upon. Equestrianism, then, in its best sense, is a noble exercise, but it is too exclusive for general use. We must therefore pursue our enquiries somewhat farther.

THE LATE WILLIAM ABBOTT:

In briefly noticing, some months since, the decease of William Abbott, Esq., late of the Park Theatre, we promised again to advert to his career in England and this country; and the perusal with which we have recently been favored of an exceedingly entertaining autobiography of this excellent actor and accomplished gentleman, has whetted our almost blunted purpose.

We proceed now to select a few passages, almost at random, from the delightful manuscript volume to which we have referred; a work which we have no doubt will speedily be in the hands of a publisher, since it cannot fail to prove one of the most various and entertaining books of the season. We commence our extracts with the annexed sketch of personal misadventure, which will remind the reader of the somewhat similar scene in "The Antiquary" of Scott. The locale is Tenby, in South Wales, opposite the Devonshire coast:

"What vivid recollections throng my mind, when I recall the perilous situation in which I was once placed there! It was my constant custom, whenever I had a character of importance to study, to wander on the 'Sands' in front of the town; not like Demosthenes, with a pebble in my mouth, but seating myself on some jutting rock, listen to the roar of old Ocean in storms, or watch its gentle undulations, like an infant rocking itself to sleep. On one occasion I pursued my path greatly beyond all former wanderings; passed each inlet I encountered, and again emerged on the broad Sands; and on turning, the town met my eye, and appeared, although three miles distant, to be almost within my grasp. The waters kept at a respectful distance, while I reclined upon an isolated rock, not unlike a rude arm-chair. Like another Canute, I wanted to see if the waters would dare approach me. My mind was full of 'meditation and the thoughts of love'; and many a *chateau en Espagne* was peopled with delightful visions of air-born spirits, paying homage to my towering theatrical genius! Casually turning round, to my utter confusion I saw the water laving the base of a high projecting rock which intercepted my return. I felt that no time was to be lost. I rushed back, and knee deep cleared the obstacle. Another, still more formidable, stood before me. Beyond the golden Sands, tinged by the beams of the setting sun, gave life and hope; at my feet lay despair and death. Not a soul was in sight; and the opposing obstacle that separated me from the path by which I could reach the town, was rising perpendicularly from the deep. I was young in years; and in an instant all my previous life flashed upon me, in one dreary perspective. No escape, no hope! Death himself stood before me! The very rocks on which I had so often gazed with a romantic delight, now oppressed me with terror. Grim visages with demonic smiles started into life from the surrounding cliffs, to mock my helplessness. The roaring waves, dashing upon the sharp rocks, uttered a voice of fearful warning. Despair was almost at its height, when suddenly my nerves became iron. I rushed to the opposing rock; I reached, and how I know not, a fearful height; I clung to some stunted bushwood, which found a frail hold in the fissures of the rock. One point of safety was visible, but as I attempted to reach it, loose particles crumbled and rolled beneath my feet, and I heard the crack-

ling of the branches. The yawning gulf was ready to receive me! One last effort, one convulsive spring, enabled me to reach the desired refuge; and although in comparative safety, I sat there shivering with terror, and watched the rapid approach of the waves, which, although fortunately not violently agitated, covered me with the 'salt sea-foam.' The excitement prevented my feeling the cold, though I was wet to the skin. The heavens were calm and blue above, and the stars shone in all their splendor; but the restlessness of the waters, through the dim obscurity, kept me in perpetual agitation. For hours I remained in this situation; at length the early morning dawned upon me, and the receding tide lifted a weight from my heart."

Many of our readers will remember sundry anecdotes from theatrical persons and works upon the drama of "Romeo Coates," of Bath, England. Mr. Abbott gives a very amusing account of the manner in which this *soubriquet*, which attached to the subject of it throughout his life, was obtained:—

"Though an unmitigated ass, he was the lion of the day. He came from one of the West India islands, was very wealthy, and on all occasions wore brilliant of the first water. In a place like Bath, where *ennui* will step in occasionally, he was a godsend. He was followed, courted, fooled to the top of his bent. The sprigs of fashion 'drew him in' to give at the York Hotel the most expensive entertainments; and at one party, when I was present, they insisted upon his mounting a table covered with decanters and glasses, to give a specimen of his skill in the small-sword exercise, and display his figure to the best advantage. One of the party, *Bacchi plenus*, became his opponent, and the result was, the destruction of a most superb chandelier. His face was like a baboon's, and the twistings and distorted attitudes into which he threw himself were alike indescribable and irresistible. One pleasant morning there appeared an announcement in the theatre-bills which shook the city of Bath to its foundation. It was like the precursor of a volcanic eruption: 'Romeo, by an Amateur of Fashion!' The doors were beset at an early hour in the afternoon by those who had failed to secure places at the box-office. Box-admittance was paid by crowds of gentlemen, to enable them, by jumping over, to secure places in the pit. Men of rank and distinction did not disdain to occupy seats in the gallery. The fever of excitement was at its pitch, when the gentle Romeo appeared, dressed in the most fantastic and absurd style, in consonance with the advice of his fashionable friends. He wore diamonds to the value of thirty thousand pounds! I was one of his instructors, and entered into the joke with a keen relish for the ridiculous. It was hardly to be expected that his acting would be tolerated by the true judges of art, and I was obliged to be dressed for the character, in order to finish the part. But no! The appetite of the audience grew by what it fed on; and when the dying scene came, a tremendous burst of mock enthusiasm rang from all parts of the house, and he was universally *encored*. He bowed most graciously, while Juliet (Miss Jamieson) was lying on the stage, not dead, but literally 'in convulsions' of laughter. Oranges were thrown upon the stage, with a request that the actor would not hurry, but refresh his energies before he recommenced his death. He kissed his hand to the ladies in graceful acquiescence with their wishes, and deliberately proceeded to suck two oranges! His second death was infinitely more extravagant than the first, and drew down repeated and prolonged bravos, and a second *encore*, which, however, was not complied with. Showers of bouquets now fell upon the stage, and closed one of the most extraordinary dramatic exhibitions I ever beheld in a regular theatre."

A singular circumstance is mentioned by Mr. Abbott as having occurred to a professional friend of his at Bath, named Sidly. It is authenticated beyond all peradventure. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer-cloud, without our special wonder!"

"He was quietly seated in his arm-chair, at his lodgings in Beaufort-square, after his return from the theatre; his wife had retired to her bed-chamber, adjoining their drawing-room; while he remained, for the purpose of reading over a character for the ensuing evening. His mother resided a short distance from London, and so far as he knew, was at the time in perfect health. His mind was not preoccupied with the thoughts of home, and an unusual calmness pervaded his spirit. After reading a passage, and trying to see if he had mastered it, he raised his eyes, and on a chair opposite sat his mother, smiling benignantly upon him. His agitation was extreme. He hastily turned round, and saw that the door was closed. He struggled hard to speak, but his lips were sealed; and with a beating heart and hair erect, he rushed to the bed-side of his wife, and in broken sentences, and with thick-starting perspiration rolling down his face, he detailed what he had seen. His wife endeavored to persuade him that it was all a dream; and to convince him, quietly walked into the drawing-room, and found the apartment precisely as she had left it, the fire burning and the candles lighted; but nothing could do away the illusion; and in two days afterward poor Sidly received the intelligence of his mother's death at the very hour of the occurrence here narrated. He seldom referred to the circumstance, and never without deep and melancholy emotion."

Liston, the great comedian, as most readers are aware, was an inveterate wag. He was never more happy than when successful in making a fellow-actor lose his "power of face" upon the stage. Mr. Abbott relates a pleasant anecdote of one of his efforts in this kind:—

"In Newcastle, under the management of Stephen Kemble, (who played the part of Falstaff without stuffing,) Liston on one occasion took the character of Pizarro. When he is lying on the couch, Rolla enters, apostrophizes his defenceless situation, and then rouses and drags him to the front of the stage. Judge of the surprise of the actor, at finding one half of Liston's face painted in imitation of a clown! This portion of his features was of course studiously turned from the audience, who are indulged only with the simple profile. Rolla burst into a fit of laughter, and rushed instantly from the stage, to the great scandal of the audience, who had not the slightest suspicion of the cause of such ridiculous conduct."

Our excellent friend John Wilson, that most mellow of vocalists, once gave us a similar anecdote of Liston. In the play of "Guy Raverling," he is deputed to relieve the suffering Lucy Bertram. He places a well filled purse in her hand, which he clasps cordially in his own, while she looks up in his face, her eyes brimming with tears of gratitude at relief so unexpected. On the occasion alluded to, a remarkable change was observed in Miss Bertram's face, when the purse was handed to her. She shrank back, and struggled, as if to liberate her hand from his grasp; and after looking imploringly at his imperturbable face for a moment, she found relief in a sort of hysterical laughter, which was very far from bespeaking the emotion of the character she represented. Instead of a purse, Liston had placed in her hand a large raw oyster, as cold as ice, and pressed her acceptance of it in a way that was irresistible! There ensues a comparison between those different but equally matchless artists, Mesdames Siddons and O'Neil, which we have reason to believe expresses the general verdict of the time:—

"From all my recollections of Mrs. Siddons, it would be absurd to attempt to draw a parallel between her performances and those of Miss O'Neil; the unapproachable grandeur and dignity of the one and the feminine tenderness and

endeavour of the other exhibiting widely different expressions, not formed by the same code. You approached Mrs. Siddons with a feeling of awe, bordering on reverence. With Miss O'Neil, all your hopes and fears were excited, and certain to meet with a response. Her bursts of agony and distress agitated every nerve, and would plunge her audience in tears; while the power of Siddons would choke your very utterance, and deny you all relief. What Miss O'Neil required in strong expression she made up in exaggeration. Every nerve was strained, and her whole frame convulsed; in short, her great fault was exuberance; yet nothing could be more quietly (though distressingly) beautiful, than her performance of 'Mrs. Haller.'

Soon after the retirement of John Kemble from the London stage, a great event, and well described by Mr. Abbott, that great tragedian gave a memorable dinner to some eighteen or twenty of the most distinguished members of the *corps-dramatique* of Covent Garden Theatre. Among the guests, also, was Talma, of whom we have this graphic account:—

"On this occasion we had a fine trait of the tragic powers of Talma; not a bombastic display of French acting, but a grand and simple narrative of facts, connected with that frightful epoch, the French Revolution. He himself was suspected, watched; and his profession alone saved him from the blood-hounds who were on his track. During the most terrific period, he did not dare to sleep at his hotel, but lived in the outskirts of the metropolis; and when called in town by his professional avocations, he would steal like a culprit to the gate of his residence, and in an undertone inquire of the old Swiss porter the bloody news of the day. On one occasion he was told that some thirty or forty of his most intimate friends had that very morning perished by the guillotine. Feeling that the crisis of his own fate had arrived, he went tremblingly to the theatre; and during the performance the overwhelming anguish of his soul was relieved only by the tears coursing down his cheeks; and the very expression of which feeling every moment endangered his life. There was a cold, creeping chilliness about the hearts of all present as he spoke, which was perfectly thrilling; and not a sound was heard till he had ceased."

A single passage more must close our extracts from this delightful autobiography. It is a short story, touching 'the immortal Townsend, the first of Bow-street officers, the favorite of Royalty, and the dread of all coachmen and flambeau'd footmen:—'

"I think I see him now, with his flaxen wig, his low-crowned hat, long gaiters, and half Quaker suit, 'discussing most eloquent music.' It was a source of great amusement to the young sprigs of nobility to extract from him in conversation some of his most characteristic slang expressions; nor did Royalty itself disdain to be amused at his expense. About the period of the connection between the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan, public opinion was rife on the subject. His Royal Highness was at the opera, surrounded by the world of fashion; and when he encountered Townsend, who was on duty there, he said, in his brusque, off-hand manner: 'Ah! Townsend, Townsend, how d'ye do, Townsend?' 'Why, your Royal Highness, pretty bobbish, I thank you,' replied the functionary. 'Well, Townsend, what news, what news?' 'Why, nothink, your Royal Highness, of any consequence.' 'Oh, nonsense! nonsense! The people must have something to talk about.' 'Why, then, if your Royal Highness pleases, the talk is principally about you and Mrs. Jordan.' The sailor-prince was here a little thrown 'aback.' 'Never mind, never mind; let them talk; I don't care.' Observe the simplicity of the answer: 'Your Royal Highness is a d—d fool if you do!'"

The foregoing is the result of a merely casual dipping, here and there, into the teeming pages of Mr. Abbott's manuscript volume. Whoever the fortunate publisher of the work may be, he may calculate with certainty upon its acquiring instant popularity.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

Our home report of autumnal music may be very brief this year. The Birmingham Festival has produced large receipts for the charities it is ordained to serve: the Edinburgh meeting is yet to come. There has been a disappointing want of novelty in the selections of music performed; but we are in a time of transition, which ought to conduct us to research and enterprise. Meanwhile, the opening for new English singers widens daily. The approaching departure of Miss Birch for a winter's engagement at the Leipsic concerts, leaves the place of *soprano primo* vacant, it being understood that Miss Clara Novello, likewise, returns to Italy: and though an English songstress of Parisian renown, Madame Anna Thillon, is announced among the attractions of the Princess's Theatre during the season about to commence, she will possibly not be heard among us till May.—While speaking of the Leipsic concerts, we must mention that Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy has, at last, definitively resigned his conductorship of these incomparable meetings to M. Ferdinand Hiller, who enters upon his duties at the coming Fair.

We will now glance for a moment at some of the great Continental musical solemnities held during the past summer and early autumn. The great festival at Zurich, late in June, numbered 2,000 singers. That part-singing should flourish in the Cantons, will surprise no one who is aware that M. Naegeli, with whom, perhaps, the soundest existing system of popular vocal cultivation originated (his friends claiming for him the first idea of the peculiarities of the Wilhelm method), was a Swiss. A monument is now about to be erected to this worthy Professor's memory, in Zurich. But with taste and knowledge so highly developed, and a theatre of natural objects, so to say, beyond all others so calculated to quicken and cherish poetical invention, it seems strange that the Swiss should not possess a musical composer. The festival at Fribourg, held in August, appears to have been picturesque in its arrangements, and interesting in its selections; and yet, the grace of nationality was altogether wanting, or, at best, feebly represented by some specimens of wild mountain music. In these celebrations, Germany still takes the lead. We read of the anniversary of the treaty of Verdun, celebrated in Brandenburg, by the seventy-two philharmonic societies of the province. These, united in torch-procession and in costume, 11,000 strong, repaired to the Marienburg: arrived at the summit of the hill, this monster-chorus began to sing national songs and hymns—among others, Mendelssohn's Song of the Huntsmen, with an accompaniment of six hundred horns!! These details seem to us as extravagant as fairy tales—perchance as absurd, to those who are unfamiliar with the jovial enthusiasm of the Germans on such occasions. Open air festivals on a less scale were held, a week ago, in Brussels, but, we are told, with small success, owing to the impossibility of sufficient rehearsal; and thence deficiency of due control over his forces, on the part of M. Ferdinand, the conductor.

DUELING AT COLOGNE.—Lieut. Pelzer, who lately, in consequence of a dispute at a ball, fought a duel with M. Hain, a bookseller, and shot him, was sentenced by a court martial to be beheaded. The King has commuted this sentence to fifteen years' imprisonment in a fortress. The two seconds are condemned to 10 years' imprisonment.

YORKSHIRE ALMANAC.

[Having had numerous enquiries for the whole of that singular work in the Yorkshire dialect called "Tom Treddlehoyle's Pogmoor Olmenack," we are happy to state that, through the kindness of a friend, we shall be able to give the remainder of that curious production. We "begin with the beginning" now, and shall continue to supply it with all convenient despatch.—Ed. Ang. Am.]

TUT READERS.

Good mornin to yo all, hey, all on yo, an a happy new year it bargain; an ah hoape yol wish t'same ta me like, cos ah consider mesen a deasent soart ov a chap, ah do. "Treasure wha av cum'd befor yo it shap ah hev, iz, ah dream'd a dream, an that dream wor, at Man it Mooin cum wun neet an sat hiszen daan upa my cloaze-chist lid, an he sed, "Tom, thah mun set to dereckly, an begin an write a Olmenack for't benefit at cumunaty, an al tell the things at nawther Hurshill, Owd Moore, Murfy, nor Sugden nawws owt abaght." We that, ah wackand up, an az sooin az ad don'd mesen, began a writein, an niver dropt it wal ah got tut thurty-furst a December; an nah yov seen it, al back mesen agean onny weather docker it nashan, for wot thave a mind, (wit Man it Mooin ta help me,) at ah naw moar abaght Skyeometry then thay do.

If ah sud happen ta liv wal another year, yol "ten ta wun" hear throe ma agean. But stop! nah ah bethink ma, its "wun ta ten" weather yo will or noa, cos av gottan sich an a rhumatic cherchyard soart ov a cough like, we sittin astride ov a hay-stack for thurty neets t'last winter, wethaght hat, caantin t'stars. After that, ah gat at top a Sam Stithy's Blacksmith's shop chimley, we me skycroscope, ta hev a fair glent at mooin, an ta find aght whot thicknes t'skye wor, when all at wunce me foot slipt, an daan t'inside at chimley ah went, an rowl'd reight intat sleek-trough, an ah beleve if ah hedant a gottan aght, ah sud a bin thear yit, an happen draanded. Nah, we this, yol hev sum noashan at wot av sed izant romansashan; so, for't preazent, yol excuse ma sayin onny moar e this pairt at book; an beleve ma ta be, for t'furst time e me life,

Yor elementry, graandometry, an skyentific sarvent,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

JENEWEERY.

Owd a thowt at we sud liv ta see another year,
When foak thare deen day be day, both here an ivvery where;
Then let uz all be thankful, lads, an try ta mend wer ways,
Cos noobyd nawws, nor niver will, the number ov hiz days.

1..S Hurrah, lads! here begins another year. Nah reckaleet, if theaze
2..M onny bairns cum's tut door, wishin ye a happy new year, be suar an
3..T let am intat hause,—if thave black heads, nah mind that,—an gie
4..W am a slice a spice cake an a haupny; if yo doant, yol niver hev a
5..T bit a good luck all't year. But stop! ad fagottan it wor Sunday;
6..F may be suar yo all goa tut Cherch or tut Chappil, not just ta day,
7..S but ivvery Sunday e yer lives, an mind when yo put yer faice e yer
8..S hat doant just look oa made it, an tack it aght agean, but say sum-
9..M mat at al do ye sum good when yo dee.

10..T
11..W Fair—wha, if it izant, ah naw a yung womman at iz.
12..T Varry dusty; an will be ivvery Seterday all this year, mind if it izant.
13..S Ah reckaleet a poor little cobbler wunce tumalin off hiz throne ontat
14..M floor dead asleep, an't wife, we thear bein sich an a dust it hause,
15..T we emptyn t'grate boyle, swept him reight aght a doors intant chan-
16..W nil, an thear he laid an niver wackand, till a fellar happand ta run
17..T a wheelbarrow reight oovert brig on his noaze; niver mind if he
18..F diddant kick up a dust ov another soart like, when he gat intat
19..S hause agean.

20..F
21..S
22..S
23..M T'mooin just nah al be like Billy Bowler's muffin when id bittan a
24..T piece aght.
25..W Thick fog;—but not quite sa thick az that wor at Sheffield, at a chap
26..T drave a nail into ta hing hiz hat on.
27..F
28..S
29..S
30..M When yor e goin aght a this munth intat next, mind yo doant slip an
31..T put yer henkle aght.

FEBREWERY.

Another month iz born, an't graand iz white we snaw,
But niver mind, it weant stop long when it begins ta thaw;
An suar it weant, az were ah here, an t'sun it weat duz set,
Agean, ah say, when that tacks place, wha t'graand al be all wet.

1..W Rather greazy;—but not quite sa bad az it wor wit lad, when he fell
2..T t'head furst intat swillin-tub.
3..F Mally Muffindoo's owdest lad fun sixpance it inside ov a fiddle.
4..S
5..S Snaw, awther just nah, or some time else, when its a mind to cum daan.

6..M Collap Munday.—This time reminds me on a bit ov a consarn at hap-
7..T pand abaght two year sin, to a chap at thay call Jeremiah Fudge-
8..W mutton. This Jerry, yo mun naw, went to see a yung womman a
9..T sweetheart; a hiz, and when he put hiz arms raand her neck to gie
10..F her a cus, it happand shoob been hevun sum fried bacon to her din-
11..S ner; an fagettan ta wipe't grease off on her maght at after. Thear
12..S hiz faice slipt off on her chin-end, an slap went hiz head reight
13..M throot winda, an cut tip ov hiz noaze off.
14..T This iz Volantine Day, mind, an he wot ah can see theal be a good
15..W deal a anxiety a mind sturrin amang't owd Maids an't Batchillors;
16..T luv sickness al be war than ivver wor nawn, espeshly amang them
17..F ats gettin rather owdish like, but all al end well, so doant be daan
18..S abaght it. Ah reckaleet, when ah wor a yung man, ah went tut
19..S Post Office, an bowt hauf a peck a Volantines for tuppance, an
20..M when ah lookt am ovver, thear wor wun dereckted for mesen,—an
21..T this wor wot thear wor it inside:—

Paper's scarce an luv iz dear,
So av sent ye a bit a my pig ear;
An if t'same bit case we yo, my dear,
Pray send me a bit a yor pig ear.

Ha, ah wor mad, yo mind, ah niver look't at a yung womman, for
two days at after for it; but it wor becos ah hedant a chance.
25..S Freezin, weezin, an sneezin, tut end at munth.
26..S Crookasas begins ta shooit aght at graand; yo mun understand ah
27..M doant mean we gunpaader, ah mean we flaar.
28..T

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE LIVES OF INVENTORS.

There is a sad uniformity in the lives of mechanical inventors—not that they are devoid of incident or adventure, for they are full of exciting events, from the raising of the curtain to the fall of the drop scene. But there is a sameness of sequence in the scenes, and a similarity in the general construction of the plot, which enables the experienced auditor to predict from the beginning the course of the drama, however much the *dramatis persona*, and the dialogue, and the stage arrangements may be varied and transposed. In the first scene, we have a youth of promise, playing with the lid of the tea-kettle, making infantine experiments, with more than infantine sagacity, and proclaiming to the fond mother, the future inventor of the steam-engine. The youth makes extraordinary progress in his studies, but is unhappily designed for some profession totally at variance with his capacity and tastes, being apprenticed to a tailor, or articulated to an attorney, or, if his father have a presentation, sent into the church, for each of which, his natural bias totally unfits him. In the next scene, nature begins to assert her empire, and an irresistible impulse drives on our hero to the situation where first his dormant energies are awakened. An apple falls to the ground—a pump fails to draw—a boiler fails to feed its class model—an old woman painfully draws out a hempen thread—a flax-worker painfully his hemp—such is the simple motive, and from this moment we accompany a Newton, a Galileo, a Watt, an Arkwright, a Cartwright—*le verre d'eau*, great ends from small beginnings. From this moment we have scenes of profound solitude and deep reflection—sleepless nights, and toilsome days of calculation—experiment—contrivance: the automaton is at last completed, and the critical moment of trial arrives—it is about to move—hope and painful anxiety are excited to the limits of endurance—the moment arrives, when the new engine shall begin those movements which are to carry with them the destinies of our hero and of mankind, and to cease, it may be, only with time: the moment arrives, but first they must begin:—the word is given, and the new machine—refuses—will not go—fails. “Successes are more pleasant, failures more instructive,” and so our inventor discovers his errors, improves his plans, benefits by his discomfiture, is a wiser man, and a better mechanic. His first machine was hastily made, and ill put together—he seeks out a more skilful workman to assist him in its construction; to work they go together—it is in the dark deep cellar, and in the night they work, for the secret must be kept. To work they go; master blows the fire, Caspar wields the hammer; the monster grows under their hands, and now it is a thing of force and power—it is completed, it moves, it works, success is achieved—that now first works, which is to continue working, in that shape or a better, till the world's end—here, in this dark cellar, by dingy fire light, in the hands of these two dirty workmen, are the destinies of the world. All now, then, is accomplished! consummated! ended! Not so; it is but the beginning of the end. The workman has conquered the dead matter; he has made it obey his will; has achieved the highest nature of his functions akin to the divine; he has created a new being. But the hero is only yet over the first of his labours; he has conquered matter, he has yet to conquer man. It is here that the inventor meets his trials, his sorrows, his pains. He works for his fellow men; he seeks their welfare, prosperity, wealth—but they will none of him. They do not wish to be benefitted, improved, and advanced by his talents, by his inventions, to his honour and glory; they will suppress it if they can—they will steal it if they can—they will buy him and sell him if they can; but to take a benefit and be grateful, and bow down in homage to superior genius, while yet its possessor is living, poor, young, and not celebrated—that is what they will not do; and yet among these men, our hero begins,—ardent, enthusiastic, single-minded, trustful, guileless, and ignorant of craft, deceit, the world. Then comes the series of hopes, enterprises, disgusts, disappointments, patent, infringements, lawyers, chancery, jury trials, and costs—partnerships, jealousies, quarrels, debts, and insolvency. Such is the career of nine hundred and ninety-nine inventors of the most valued of our material elements of civilization; the thousandth individual is the Arkwright with his seven millions, the Watt with his Bolton, the Howard with his vacuum pan.

Athenaeum.

ROSSINI.

Successful from his outset, Rossini was favoured by circumstances as well as genius. Born at Pesaro, on the gulf of Venice, his father was a poor third-class player on the French horn of those who frequent fairs to gain a livelihood. His mother had been a beauty, and was a passable *seconda donna*. They went from company to company, and from town to town; the husband performing in the orchestra, the wife on the stage. They were very poor; but, at Pesaro, the little town on the seashore, they lived cheaply, and were neither sad nor anxious concerning the future. At seven years old, little Joachino already earned a few pails by singing in the churches, and was caressed for his beauty. At ten he was chosen to conduct an orchestra, at Bologna, for the performance of Hady's *Crestion and Four Seasons*. When his parents had no engagement, they returned to inhabit their poor little house at Pesaro. Joachino was patronized by some kind amateur, who sent him to Venice, where success at once attended him. At this time he was only sixteen. His early operas, says Beyle, have the defects of his years. He was afraid of his own youth, and did not yet dare to please himself only. About this time, having received some slight from the *impresario* of the theatre to which he belonged, Rossini revenged himself by an extravagance which so brought down upon him the hisses of the audience, that, on the production of his *Tancredi*, directly after, he hid himself under the stage in fear of their anger, till applause had given him courage to take his accustomed place at the piano. Obliging the musicians to the obedience they owe the *maestro*, at the allegro of the overture the violins, docile to his order, interrupted each measure by a tap of the bow on the tin candlestick fixed to the music-desk. The whole opera was arranged like the overture. The *impresario* made peace with Rossini, and the latter composed *Tancredi*. The success of this last was such, that, throughout Venice, every one, from gondolier to nobleman, sang “*Ti rivedrò*,” even in the courts, during trials, the judges imposed silence on the auditory, which chanted, also, “*Ti rivedrò, mi rivedrai*.” It is of this opera his biographer says, “It has no luxury about it; it is genius in its naïveté; if I may be allowed the expression, genius, yet virginal.” Yet its author received for it only £24.

SKILL OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

LOST ARTS.—If the Thebans, 1800 years before Christ, knew less in some departments of useful knowledge, than ourselves, they also in others knew more. One great proof of the genius of that splendid line of potentates, entitled the eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the extent of civilization under their rule, was that the practical, chemical, astronomical and mechanical knowledge which they shared with the priestly (scientific) colleges, was in some respects equal to in some respects greater than, our own. They made glass in great profusion (Diodorus Siculus), and burning-glasses, and lenses for glasses. They must

have cut their delicate cameos by the aid of microscopes.—Ptolemy describes an astrolabe; they calculated eclipses; they said that the moon was diversified by sea and land (Plutarch *de facie luna*); that “one lunar day was equal to fifteen of the earth;” that “the earth's diameter was a third of the moon's;” and that “the moon's mass was to that of the earth as 1 to 72.” All these things show good instruments. They made gold potable, (inferentially; Moses did so, who was a scribe brought up by the Sovereign Pontiff, and nursed in the “wisdom of the Egyptians;”) an “art lost,” till recently recovered by a French chemist. Their workmanship in gold, as recorded by Homer, and their golden clockwork, by which thrones moved, must have been exquisitely ingenious. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools, so as to cut the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. We see the sculptors in the act of cutting the inscriptions on the granitic obelisks and tablets. We see a pictorial copy of the chisels and tools with which the operation was performed. We see the tools themselves. (There are sculptors' chisels at the museum the cutting end of which preserves its edge unimpaired, while the blunt extremity is flattened by the blows of the mallet.) But our tools would not cut such stone with the precision of outline which the inscriptions retain to the present day. Again, what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous imposts on the lintels of their temples at Karnak? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of the “lost arts.” That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by the engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, levelled, direct, and grooved, (the grooves being anointed with oil,) for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and colossal statues of half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these groves. Finally, M. Arago has argued, that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their Pagan freemasonry (the oldest in the world, of which the Pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam-engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer. The contest of the Egyptian *sophos* with Moses before Pharaoh, pays singular tribute to their union of “knowledge and power.” No supernatural aid is intimated. Three of the miracles of their natural magic (See Sir D. Brewster) the jugglers of the East can and do now perform. In the fourth, an attempt to produce the lowest form of life, they fail. From the whole statement one inference is safe, that the daring ambition of the priestly chemists and anatomists had been led from the triumphs of embalming and chicken-hatching (imitating and assisting the production of life) to a Frankenstein experiment on the vital fluid and on the principle of life itself, perhaps to experiments like those (correctly or incorrectly) ascribed to Mr. Crosse, in the hope of creating, not reviving, the lowest form of animal existence.

Westminster Review.

Foreign Summary.

The young Queen of Spain attained her thirteenth year on Tuesday, October 17.

THAMES TUNNEL.—Since the 25th of March last up to yesterday, one million and a half of persons have paid toll.

THE LAST OF THE COACHES.—Within the past week, the only coach that has been left on the road from Bristol to London (the *Prince of Wales*) ceased running.

The *Bombay Gentlemen's Gazette* announces, that there is a rumour that Lord Granville Somerset is likely to succeed Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General of India.

The “cold-water cure” appears to be gaining converts throughout the country. Hydropathic associations have been established both in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

BELGIAN AGENT TO CHINA.—The Brussels papers announce, that the Belgian government intend sending an agent to China to obtain information as to the commercial relations that it may be possible to establish with that country.

THE AVAILABLE FORCES IN IRELAND.—We have a return showing the force of each regiment in Ireland at the present moment, together with the number of sappers and miners, and the constabulary. The whole gives a force of 28,000 men.

Dublin Evening Packet.

PEW-SKYLING.—In Westminster Abbey the choir is to be altered, the present miserable screen work is to be removed, and pews abolished. In the Cathedral at Canterbury the choir is about to be furnished with new stalls and a throne, and the pews are to be removed. The new church in the Broadway, Westminster, has been built without pews.

Her Majesty, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, has considerably bestowed a pension of £100 a-year on Lady Bell, the widow of Sir Charles Bell, who, we regret to hear, died in circumstances very different from what his position, as an eminent lecturer and professor, and as the author of more than one successful work, would have led us to expect.

Mrs. Walcot (whom the public will remember as Miss Shirreff, previous to her marriage with the secretary of the Clarence Club) is re-studying, under Crivelli, and purposes, we believe, confining herself to concert singing.

Musical Review.

HOSPITALITY OF FATHER MATHEW'S ANCESTOR.—The celebrated Mr. Mathew, mentioned in Sheridan's life of Swift, was a gentleman of princely hospitality, and resided at Thomastown Castle. It was his whim to have his mansion fitted up as an hotel, and the guests might do as they pleased, as he seldom headed his own table, but behaved as one of the company. There were 40 bed rooms—a large coffee-room, with a bar and waiters—a detached tavern for the votaries of Bacchus. There was a daily ordinary, at which the guests might assemble if they did not dine in private. There were two billiard tables, fishing tackle, &c., buck-hounds and harriers, and 20 choice hunters in the stable. There was also a bowling-green on the demesne; and Swift was so delighted with the place, that instead of a fortnight he remained there four months.

Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.

London contains upwards of 200,000 houses, occupies 20 square miles of ground, and has a population of little less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of 4,369,000 lbs. of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of porter annually, exclusive of other liquors. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a-year; it pays for luxuries it imports at least £12,000,000 a-year duty alone. It has 237 churches, 207 dissenting places of worship, and upwards of 5000 public houses, and sixteen theatres.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—A writer beautifully remarks, that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and even crime set up no barriers between her and her son. Whilst his mother lives he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will solace him when in sorrow, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affections know no ebbing tide. It flows on from a pure fountain, spreading happiness through all this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

It is a matter of curious speculation what the entire profits of the performance of Handel's "Messiah" have been since its composition. It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan. We find that from the year 1749 to 1777, it produced to one charity alone (the Foundling Hospital, in London,) in benefactions, the sum of £10,299. The organ of this hospital is likewise a present from Handel, and he bequeathed a fairy copy of the oratorio as a legacy to this charity. The innumerable times it has been performed, and with satisfactory results as regards profits, to the different charities, if we might hazard an opinion, we should say, has produced a million of money.

It is with grateful feelings we now recognise the most indubitable signs of returning prosperity to the trade of this country—one proof of which may be furnished by the fact that the deposits with the Glasgow Savings' Bank, for five weeks at this period in 1842, were £8,327, while the drawings out were £5,850. The deposits for the five weeks expired, namely, in 1843, being £14,415—the drawings out £7,303. Besides this we have concurrent evidence, from all quarters, of a manifest improvement in our prospects. By private letters from India we also learn that the duties on the importation of British manufactures are much more favourable to this country than was anticipated.

Glasgow Constitutionnel.

THE SHILLELAGH.—In the good old times, the Irish kings, princes, and thanes, corresponded with one another by means of walking-sticks, which they covered with nicks; from which came the proverb, "nick the post," said the Brancher. Thus, when one prince was offended by another, instead of sitting down with a pen in his hand to write him a challenge, he pulled his skeine out, and cutting a few fierce nicks in his walking stick, sent it to his enemy, and if the latter broke it upon the bearer's head, it was understood that the challenge was accepted. If a gentleman became enamoured of a fair lady, he straightway sent her his stick, with a hole bored through the heart of it, and if she returned it with a ring fastened to one end, he became the happiest of men; and when a lady carried a ring upon the end of her shillelagh, it was understood that she was betrothed, and if any man presumed to pay her particular attention after that, the lady was at full liberty to break his head for his pains.

Oakleigh.

DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT.—Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon Common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood, and still stands, a small country inn, where the various parties interested in the great statesman's life were accustomed to apply for information, and to leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d January, 1806, an individual having called at this inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his inquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared; he opened the door and entered; he found no one in attendance. He proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where, on a bed, in silence and in perfect solitude, he found, to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

THE NATIVE IRISH PARLIAMENT.—The Parliament of that century was a jobbing aristocracy, banded into different parties, without much, if any, distinction of principle. The English Government used their patronage to purchase a majority. But the mouths of one party were no sooner stopped by pensions and places, than another arose to complain of profusion in the name of their country, and to ask for new extravagance in their own. A fresh purchase only led to fresh pretensions; and the very pensioners themselves had the effrontery to exclaim against the burdens of which their own faction and corruption had been the cause. While they have actually felt the injury and degradation to which they have been subjected by English laws, every relaxation of undue severity, and every dawn of a kinder disposition towards them, has been met with a warmth of gratitude and of attachment which seem to have no memory for past injuries, and no suspicions of future injustice.

Correspondence of the Fourth Duke of Bedford.

TELEGRAPHIC CLOCK.—The experiment of the utility of a new description of night clock, that exhibits three lights fixed to the points of the hands and the centre of the dial, was tried on Monday evening, at St. Nicholas's Church, with perfect success. One light is stationed and marks the centre. It is distinguished in size and colour, and serves as an index, pointing out the situation of the other, which is always that of the hour and minute, respectively. The burning planes, surrounded with darkness, showed the time a great way off, whilst the illuminated dials, now in use look at a short distance only like so many full moons. The other advantage of this invention, which is that of a Mr. Hughes, is in the reduced cost, which is but from one-third to one-twelfth of that of the old plan, according to the degree of the distance. By dispensing with the incumbrance of the old "figures," the day dial affords a large and clear field for the display of the indicators, which also make the time visible at a much greater distance.

Liverpool Standard.

ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.—A letter from Stockholm states that a Swedish brig, freighted by an English firm at Port Philip to visit the small islands of the Pacific, touched at some islands probably not visited since Cook's time, and others not to be found in our maps, which the captain took possession of in the name of the king of Sweden. The inhabitants were a mild race, ignorant of the use of iron, and ready to give a turtle for even a rusty nail. They were also fond of bits of glass, and would remain for three or four hours shaving themselves with pieces of broken bottles. A single musket shot was sufficient to disperse thousands of them—a proof that they had not before been visited by Europeans. The king of one of the islands presented the captain with his sceptre, made of wood artistically carved, and having a thin circle of jasper on the top. A name was given by the captain to each of these isles, after some member of the royal family of Sweden, and a quantity of plants, and tools made of stone and wood, have been brought home.

A letter from Berlin states, that Mlle. Lola Montez, the Spanish dancer, who has been for some time much admired in that city for her great talent, is likely to be put in prison for some time. The day of the grand review she was present on horseback, and kept at some distance from the royal cortège. When, however, the firing began, her horse took fright, and rushed among the suite of the two sovereigns. A gendarme ordered her to fall back, and at the same time gave a blow with the flat of his sabre to the horse. Feeling irritated at such a liberty, she struck the man across the face with her whip. He was cool enough

to keep quiet, and merely lodged a complaint against her. The next day a huissier handed her a summons to appear in a court to answer the charge. As soon as she learned what the paper meant, she tore it in pieces and threw it at her feet. The huissier at once went for the public force, and had her arrested for having manifested marks of disrespect to the orders of justice—a misdemeanour punishable with from three to five years' imprisonment. Mlle. Montez, who is the daughter of a deceased Spanish General, is only 19 years of age. —*Galvani's Messenger.*—[The *dansesc* alluded to appeared in London last season at the Opera House.]

MISSIONARIES TO CHINA.—The design of sending out missionaries to convert the Chinese being again on the tapis, we may allude to a topic which generally occurs in conversation upon that subject. Many who have gone back to the first promulgation of Christianity, entertained a belief that the Gospel was known in China in the early ages of the church. Paul, of Venice, who made a journey among the Tartars, speaking of China, mentions that in his time the Chinese suffered Christianity to advance among them, and that they had a great number of magnificent Christian churches, the remains of which may be seen in various provinces of the empire. St. Thomas and his disciples converted the Chinese and Ethiopians. They were baptised and instructed in the doctrine of the Trinity. Other events prove that Christianity once flourished among them. The Jesuits, two hundred years ago, traced the remains of it. Digging for the foundation of an edifice near the city of Si Gan Fu, capital of the province of Kamsi, the workmen discovered a tabular stone of large dimensions, upon which was a cross formed like that sculptured upon the tomb of St. Thomas, in the city of Meliapor, and as that symbol is made in Europe. Upon the cross, Syriac characters were engraved, which explained the mysteries of human redemption. By the evidence of this venerable object of antiquity, it appeared that the Christian religion was spread in China in the year 631 after the birth of our Saviour.

A private letter from Berlin of the 25th September says—"Professor von Raumer is very busy in reading up for his proposed journey to the United States, where he intends to spend the months between April and October of next year. He at present thinks very favourably of the Americans, and of their institutions—so that their visitor starts somewhat prejudiced in their favour—let us hope he will return so."

A letter from St. Petersburg gives some account of an emigration, on a large scale, which is going on in the heart of the Russian empire; and presents, as the writer observes, a great resemblance to the migrations of the primitive races of the world. The movement in question aims at distributing the Crown peasants,—amounting to about twelve millions in number, and constituting thus a fifth of the entire Russian population, over those vast tracts of uncultivated land which are held, as yet, by a thin and scattered population. The emigrants of the best character are sent into the Transcaucasian provinces, where the climate is mild and the soil fertile. But, "in truth," says the writer, "none of these unfortunate beings are voluntary emigrants. They are all, more or less, the victims of a system of despotism which disposes, at its caprice, of the human species, as of cattle who are driven in herds wherever the owners will."

DEATH OF COL. JOHN TRUMBULL.

This venerable patriot died here, Nov. 10th, at the age of 87 years. His remains were removed to New Haven for interment.

Col. Trumbull was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, on the 6th day of June, 1756. His father, Jonathan Trumbull, was the first magistrate of the colony of Connecticut before the separation from Great Britain; he possessed, nevertheless, the confidence of his countrymen to such a degree, that they annually re-elected him Governor of the State during the whole war of the Revolution.

Immediately after the battle of Lexington, fought on the 19th of April, 1775, John Trumbull attached himself to the patriot forces in the capacity of Adjutant of the first Connecticut regiment. On the arrival of Gen. Washington at Boston, subsequently to the battle of Bunker Hill, Mr. Trumbull, then an accomplished draughtsman, sketched a plan of the enemy's works, with so much accuracy as to secure the favourable notice of the General, who soon after appointed him to the post of second aid-de-camp. He retained this situation but a short time before he was appointed major of brigade at Roxbury. In June, 1776, General Gates, then promoted to the rank of Major General, with the command of the Northern Department, comprehending Canada and the Canadian frontier, appointed Major Trumbull his Adjutant, with the rank of Colonel. After some months of arduous and efficient service, the refusal of the Continental Congress to date his commission from the time of his appointment by General Gates, induced Col. Trumbull to retire from the army. Thus terminated his military career, on the 22d of February, 1777. On his return to Lebanon, he resumed his pencil, and subsequently, having succeeded, through the mediation of Sir John Temple, in obtaining permission from the British Government to reside in London, for the purpose of studying painting under Mr. West, he repaired to that metropolis. The news of Arnold's treason and the execution of Major Andre resolved the English Government to adopt retaliatory measures, and Col. Trumbull, the undesired victim of their revenge, was arrested for high treason and confined in Tothill-fields Bridewell. He was treated with courteous consideration, and the King was prevailed upon by Mr. West to pledge the royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life should be safe. His confinement was, however, protracted to eight months, at the expiration of which he was liberated by an order in council, and admitted to bail. Before the treaty of peace was concluded, he returned to America; but in 1784 he rejoined Mr. West, and devoted himself with great assiduity to his favorite profession. In 1794 he was appointed by Mr. Jay, Secretary of the mission to Great Britain, which post he occupied till the conclusion of the Treaty. In 1796, he received the appointment of fifth commissioner from the commissioners appointed to carry into execution the seventh article of the treaty, and his useful labors in that capacity constitute a part of his country's history.

In 1817, the reputation which Col. Trumbull had acquired as an artist, induced the Congress of the United States to secure his services in executing the splendid paintings of the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender at Saratoga, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and the Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis, which adorn the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The Trumbull Gallery, at Yale College, contains fifty-five pictures painted by this great artist, and is one of the most interesting collections of which our country can boast. These paintings were presented to the Institution, in consideration of an annuity of one thousand dollars, to be paid to Col. Trumbull during his life. The profits of their exhibition after his decease, were stipulated to be applied towards the expense of educating students in needy circumstances.

Journal of Commerce.

Messrs. W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1843.

CHINA TRADE.

The more we consider the affair of the treaty with China the more just cause we perceive for the rejoicings that are manifested in every manufacturing quarter of England, for a plain, obvious, and immense market is now open to the hitherto cramped operations of manufacturing industry. It cannot be denied that the improvements in the mechanic arts and the progress of mechanical skill in France have done much to diminish that almost monopoly which English labour once possessed, and that the German league has made fearful inroads also. To these may very greatly be attributed the distresses of the multitudes who had previously found fair employment in their several lines of business; to these may be greatly attributed also that depression in the sale of cotton in England—that greatest staple of American produce—and the many difficulties of a financial nature which have occurred both here and in Great Britain.

True it is that there are markets open to the latter in which she has not had occasion to fear competition; these are her colonies and foreign dependencies; but these large, extensive, and various as they are, cannot find employment for a nation of artisans, as the British empire may be deemed, nor is a commerce, confined greatly to the subjects of one country, to be considered as in all respects the best; it is a commerce *inter se*, and tends in some measure to eat itself up. But the affairs which have taken place in Asia, have supplied even profusely, a succedaneum for the disease which in a few years would have become morbid. The successes in India, particularly those of Scinde, and the opening of the Indus, will carry British manufactures directly to the Hindoo Koosh and to the feet of the Himalaya range, among a people who do not themselves manufacture, and who are populous even to a proverb. In this market the British cannot fear the least competition, for the notion of British power and the feeling of her protection find their way into every nerve and artery of the Indian Peninsula; and nothing but a series of Anglo-Indian misgovernment can shake the permanency of her possession and influence.

With respect to China, the advantages are equally obvious. British arms have overturned all the notions of Western barbarism with which the minds of the Celestials were abused; their conceit has been demolished and their better qualities have been developed. That they have many of those better qualities the history of Chinese art, science, and literature abundantly testifies. The victors being on the spot to treat, have been able to obtain advantageous terms and to fix themselves so as to make the best use of them. They do not claim, nor will they seek to establish, a monopoly, but they obtain the first move under special and indulgent stipulations, and traders must expect by their own prudence and sagacity only, to perpetuate their advantages. Here are five splendid ports of commerce along the South and East of China, to which Great Britain has the chief if not the sole access, and the latter has also territory so contiguous and in such advantageous position, that her manufactures and produce must pervade the whole of that great Asiatic empire whose people are popularly said to be as numerous as those of all the rest of the world.

We trust that those who have controlling power, as well as those who have in any way to administer to the mutual wants and requirements of the two countries will at all times be careful to respect each others' peculiarities, and so conduct matters in honour, justice, punctuality, and good feeling, as to make the advantages of the alliance and amity felt through many generations.

The Duke of Victory, *Espartero*, continues to receive the most marked attention and respect in England. This is highly creditable to the national character, and particularly to the aristocracy of the country, for it must not be forgotten that this celebrated man is of very lowly origin. That he has rendered incalculable services to Spain there are few who will dispute, and that he understood the general business of governing still fewer will deny. To the circumstance of his humble birth and obscure connexions, then, it must be, that his services came to be disregarded, his authority in the end disputed, and himself thrust forth an exile, at the peril of losing the life which had so long and usefully been devoted to his ungrateful country. The combination of pride and ignorance in the Spanish *hidalgo* has long been proverbial; the pride existed although with some nobler attributes, in the days of the satirist Cervantes; but as Spain gradually acquired nominal riches from the New World, and sank in political estimation in the Old, the Spanish Grandee, clinging to his dignity, has made blood and birth the sole passport to authority and courtly place. Now the ignorance of that grade has been and is quite as great as their pride, and this folly has caused them to repudiate the services of a *novus homo* like *Espartero*.

But it is a new world we live in, despite the short-sighted views of the Spanish *hidalgo*, and however he may boast his old and pure Castilian blood. The man of action in these times can step beyond the man of merely sixteen quarters in his escutcheon; and the troubles which are rending that once proud and distinguished nation to her centre, are to be controlled by vigorous intellect, not by the ancestral alliances of her nobility. A work has been recently published in Paris called "*Biographie des Contemporains*;" and although it is no great policy to speak favourably there of one who has held so conspicuous a

position as an antagonist to French designs, there has been considerable justice done to his abilities. What we have seen and read on this subject does but serve to confirm us in the opinion we have constantly put forth—that *Espartero* has still a conspicuous and important part to play in Spanish affairs, and that the repose of the Peninsula will be restored by him only.

CANADA.

BYTOWN, November 9th, 1843.

To the Editors of the "Anglo American."

GENTLEMEN,—If ever there was a place possessing superior advantages for manufacturing purposes it is Bytown. Situated on the point between the Rideau river with the beautiful Ottawa falls on the south side—and the Ottawa river with the grand Chaudiere falls on the north—gives it an immense water always at command.

The decided improvement in business begins to be felt here; the lumber merchants, the principal support of this town, have had a good season, and are now busy preparing for the spring with excellent prospects ahead.

The New Union Suspension bridge, of which I subjoin you the particulars will not only be the finest bridge in Canada, but there are few, if any, in America to equal it.

This bridge, or line of bridges, is intended to connect Bytown in Canada West with Hull in Canada East, at the foot of the Chaudiere falls. It is to be approached on the south side by a macadamized road from Bytown, distance about one mile. This road leads over three wooden bridges on Howe's plan, constructed over as many different channels; they were completed in June last; they are of 150, 160, and 76 feet span, and have a very light, beautiful appearance. The Suspension bridge is 243 feet span, 24 feet wide, and is to be completed in July 1844. It is to be of light frame work of wood suspended at every 20 feet from one of 4 cables on each side; these cables are of wire 1-10 of an inch in diameter, and 280 wires in each cable. The cables pass over cut stone towers 80 feet above the level of the floor of the bridge by which the bridge is supported; from the towers the cables run into vaults prepared for the purpose in the masonry of the abutments, where they are securely fastened.

Experiments have been made upon the strength of the single wires composing the cables, which require an average of 1,350 lbs. to break them.

On the south side there are three arches of cut stone thrown across as many ravines in the rock; they are of 44, 57, and 60 feet span, and are just completed; they are considered to be of very superior workmanship.

The whole of this splendid edifice which will be completed early in the spring, at the cost of \$60,000, reflects the highest credit on the Board of Works for their liberality. It was planned by S. Reefer, Esq., and is under the superintendence of D. O. Walton, Esq., the resident engineer. Yours, LEO.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY BALL.—The gentlemen in charge of this elegant affair are making daily progress with their arrangements, and they propose that it shall be unique of its kind. It is determined by them that no pains shall be spared to do credit to the cause, to give satisfaction to the visitors, and to contribute effectually to the charitable purpose for which it has been designed. We can say more concerning the details, in our next.

The season is now fast approaching when elegant bouquets will be in great requisition both for the drawing-room, and of portable size for fair ladies' hands in the ball-room or the assembly. We would therefore remind the lordly sex that the Conservatory and the Green-house at Niblo's, Broadway, are altogether unsurpassed for beauty and sweetness. These are kept in excellent order by Robinson, and here they may obtain what they wish, in infinite variety, every size, and of the most delicious odour. Even a visit to this beautiful Repository is a treat of no common delight.

(To the Editor of the Anglo American.)

A LESSON DRAWN FROM LIFE.

SIR,—I read the other day an article in your valuable Journal called "A Lesson drawn from Life." I read it with infinite pleasure—all but the conclusion, which, I think was tame, spiritless, and *not* to the point. It would seem, Sir, as if the writer, satisfied with having well told a good story, had either lost sight of the obvious moral, or cared little whether it contained a moral or not. At the risk of being considered tedious I shall endeavour to educe a strong reflection, apposite to what is every day passing in the world, and, I presume to say, worthy to be laid seriously to heart. Should you on the perusal incline to my mode of thinking, perhaps you will honour this letter with a place in the columns of your paper at an early day.

The author—placing his hero in the condition of a poor bereaved, ignorant creature, "born," as the saying is "with a wooden ladle in his mouth," who has patiently endured all the evils of poverty, hunger, cold, and destitution from his childhood upwards, without ever deviating from the strictest honesty and without entertaining evil or hatred towards others,—makes him at length find a large purse of gold. The inherent moral rectitude of the poor wretch leads him to seek the owner and restore it to him; but there is a latent hope within him, that he may obtain a trifle of reward for his good service. The feeling and the hope experience a sudden revulsion, from hearing casually that, instead of reward to a poor man on such an occasion, he may be punished as a thief. He therefore suddenly decamps with his treasure, becomes in time, the master of a great establishment, is led into extravagance, gambling, ruin, and is finally transported for theft. And what are the concluding reflections of the writer of this ingenious tale? "Alas!" says he, "for the wooden ladle with which he was born! Had he kept it yet a little longer, held it fast when sorely tempted to fling it away, it would have fed him after some fashion, and been changed in the end to an inheritance, richer than plates and dishes of purest gold."

What a "lame and impotent conclusion" is this! As a lamentation it is

natural enough, but even in this view the regret should have gone farther and should have included the hearing of that grievous observation, which at once so completely upset all his moral determination. And this is the point which I wish now to bring forward.

The most striking circumstance in the tale, I take to be this; that persons of comparative opulence, fortune, and rank, are too apt to undervalue the notions of rectitude professed by those who are, in a worldly sense, beneath them; that they are too apt to imagine sordid or dishonest designs in those whom they know to be needy, that they are frequently too miserably anxious to save the poor meed of reward to honesty under temptation, and fabricate miserable excuses in the exercise of the same paltry feeling which they are ascribing to the poor being whom they would thus morally defraud. It is a despicable and wicked system of self government which springs from the principle that all are to be considered dishonest or designing until they be well proved superior to such a character; a principle which actually produces one half of the dishonesty or design which it affects to deprecate. These vices do not exist *innate* in the human heart, but are planted, watered, superinduced by bad agency from without. Oh! If Charity, heaven-born charity, which "thinketh no evil," which "suffereth long and is kind," and which "doth not behave itself unseemly," were more the ruling principle of the human heart, our prisons would not be so crowded, our police would have less need of that *cunning* which is derived from vicious experience! The old adage of "think a man honest and you make him so," though liable to many an exception is true in the main, and I maintain that, prudently, it ought to be the maxim of the rich toward the poor. It is dangerous to put poverty upon its outward defence against riches; it is dangerous to put social weakness on its defence against social power; it is dangerous to put ignorance on its defence against education. The first will produce dishonesty, the second discontent, the third cunning. Compassion, kindness, and forbearance are the weapons which should be used by those who have the manifest advantage, and the blessings which would spring from the use of them, would be "returned ten-fold into the bosoms" of those who maintain their exercise.

Your's &c.

OBSERVER.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—During the current week a double attraction has been offered at this house in the persons of Messrs. Wallack and Booth, who have performed together in the great Shakespeare play. The philosophic *Brutus* of Wallack, the angry *Cassius* of Booth, the artful *Antony* of Wheatley, and the inflexible *Cæsar* of Barry have been well displayed, but from causes which we cannot pretend to define, these failed in some degree to fill the house as it should be, notwithstanding that the play is of spirit-stirring interest, and the cast was a good one. Perhaps it may be in some measure occasioned by the subsidence of the excitement which was created by the appearance and the acting of *Macready*, which threw a shade over the performances of *Forrest*, and which will probably not be resuscitated until the return here of that greatly distinguished artist. Now this exactly squares with our expectations from the "Star" system as at present practised. We should be sorry that "the Stars should fade away," because it is essential to the cultivation of good taste that the best specimens of art should be brought under observation. But they ought to be more comet-like in their motions, fewer in their number, and generally more exalted in their pretensions than for the last twenty years they have been. A good *establishment* should be the main support of the Drama, and "illustrious strangers" should successively appear, perform a night or two, or *not more than three*, and go on their ways. Such fleeting visits would stimulate, not distress, the stock actor; such quick removals would cause audiences to remember the visits and anticipate others, without causing them to lose their relish for the respectable standard acting of the establishment they should possess. Managers in New York ought to look to this earnestly, for we hear of a theatre in the progress of erection, which may possibly cause them to review their style of management, and to adopt the best for their own sakes.

We have heard with unfeigned satisfaction that *Madame Cinti Damoreau* will make her appearance on these boards in the course of the ensuing week. Of course not to perform opera, for no operatic company could at this moment be formed in New York, but to sing a *Scena*, a *Cavatina*, or other selection, in the course of the evenings' entertainments. Good, so far, but there is an artist in this city, whose assistance could greatly increase the interest of *Madame Damoreau's* performances; we allude to *Sig. De Begnis*, than whom there exists not among us one better experienced in the finest schools of vocalization, more thoroughly acquainted with the best living masters and their works, or more pure in musical taste. *De Begnis* has also sung frequently with *Cinti Damoreau*, they understand each other in opera buffa intimately; why then might we not have entire scenes, duets, &c., from such works as "Il Barbiere," "Il Fanatico," "Il Turca," &c. ? We can fancy a great treat in the vocal performances of two artists so long and so favourably known to fame, and should right gladly hear of the manager's taking the matter into consideration.

BOWERY THEATRE.—A new candidate for the honours of the buskin made his appearance here on Saturday evening last. He essayed "the crooked tyrant," but it was not to the satisfaction of the audience, who proceeded to sibilation in the case. The debutant rejected their criticism with scorn, and would not "off" when they did call to him. In fact he believed he knew his own powers better than they did, which was natural enough; it is thought, however, that the manager sided with the multitude, for *Mr. Myers* has not been announced again. The performances this week have been mainly "Napoleon," and "Rookwood" with a new afterpiece called "The Dancing Feather."

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A very clever piece, which is new here, was brought out at this theatre on Monday evening, and has been played night-

ly during the week. It is called "The National Guard," and is full of both incident and dialogue, which, given with due effect, would make it highly interesting. The music introduced in it is that of Auber, which, effectively sung, would add materially even to the good properties we have ascribed to it. But in all candour we have to make exceptions to its performance here. *Walcot* plays the *Sergeant* of the National Guard well, as he always plays his part; but he cannot sing the music; *Holland* was a capital *Achille Bourbon*, though rather too extravagant; *Nickenson* was wanting in the assumption of an aristocratic "man of the world," of the old French school, and *Clarke* in the *Col. of Carabiniers*, was the most insipid calf that ever was butchered into veal. We remember *Placide's* personation of the *Chevalier Renard*, and shall say that *Nickenson* would have done well to have remembered it also. It was a study. The *Cecile* of *Miss Clarke* was good, and so likewise was the *Madame Marabout* of *Mrs. Watts*; but we were truly displeased with both the dialogue and the singing of *Miss Taylor*. We had formed expectations of this young vocalist which she has not realised; we understand that she is the *pet* of the house, and the circumstance will be the death of her talents unless she take care to resist insidious flattery, and study her profession in earnest. Her recitation of dialogue is downright absurd, no boarding school girl but could do it better, and she really must submit to be taught the true meaning and effect of what she has to utter. We have been told that she is at present not in good health; if so, we are truly sorry for it, but it comes to this—if she is ill she should not sing; and we are well assured that *Mr. Mitchell*, who is a man of feeling as well as of tact, would not insist upon it under such circumstances; if she is *not* ill, then have her vocal qualities suffered much deterioration of late. All her upper notes above E are thin, and have the effect of the *voce di testa*, and all below that note are coarse, and rather like a tenor than a contralto. Her singing is like that of two persons in *alternation*, and her style very greatly needs purifying and refining. We say all this, with regret, because we have long thought her possessed of talent, and we would fain even *startle* her into proper consideration of her musical qualities, at the hazard of being thought severe; but our opinions here uttered are honestly what we think.

By far the finest thing done at this house is "The Loves of the Angels." Here are good poetry, good music, fine humour, enough of comedy, excellent scenery, good acting, and in short all the requisites to make the piece worthy of remembrance after the performance is over. *Mrs. Timm*, a well deserved favourite who has returned here, appears in the piece.

Concerts.

FAREWELL CONCERT OF MAX BOHRER.—This justly celebrated violincellist gave a concert at the Washington Hotel on Monday evening, being his last before his departure for Havana and Mexico. He was assisted by *Mrs. Sutton*, and *Signor Antognini*, vocalists, *Mr. Scharfenberg* as pianist obligato, *Mr. Timm* presided at the pianoforte, and *Mr. U. C. Hill* led a small band of instrumentalists. The programme was well arranged, and the concert went off with great applause. *Mrs. Sutton* was in good voice, but her highest notes had too much of a scream, which was rendered the more conspicuous from the subdued and finished style of utterance of *madame Damoreau*, so recently listened to. Her best piece was the *scena* from "Ipermessa" which she delights to sing, and which in truth she executes ably. *Signor Antognini* was in fine singing order also; we always like to see and hear him because he sings with spirit, and partially acts the subject, even in the concert room. He sang two pieces of his own composition, the first a "Romance" which, although very good, was shorn of its due credit on account of the words being in French,—the most execrable language to sing in, of any in civilized use. The second was "The Stranger at the tomb of Washington" sung in Italian, consisting of graceful and appropriate movements. *Mr. Scharfenberg* was, as ever, excellent. He only played one piece which was a concertante for piano and violincello, the latter with *M. Bohrer*. We come now to the performances of the last-mentioned artist. These were, as they have always been, of first rate order of execution, including delicacy of touch and bowing, truth of stop, and all that can distinguish a violincellist of the highest celebrity; but we must take the liberty to say that, from the very first night of his appearance he has taken up a wrong notion of American proficiency and judgment in instrumental music; indulging himself in tinsel and glittering performances, which are nothing better than charlatanery, under the idea that he is adapting his performances to the taste and discrimination of the New-York audiences, and only occasionally engaging himself in the nobler qualities of the instrument which is but one degree below the violin itself in expression. The few glimpses of his true genius which he does vouchsafe are sufficient to convince connoisseurs of what he can do, and assuredly he is an artist of first rate pretensions; but we advise him to do more justice both to himself and his hearers than to take up his and their time with mere trickery. The variations which he made on "Yankee Doodle" were exceedingly tickling to the fancy, and difficult of performance, but there was such an air of ridicule and burlesque thrown over the *motif* that, after the first burst of admiration, the performance was more of an affront than a gratification.

All this, however, does not affect his reputation as an artist, which we must repeat, is of the highest grade; but we suspect he made an erroneous conclusion when he determined to adopt the merely glittering style as the most likely mode of imparting satisfaction to his hearers.

FIRST PHILHARMONIC CONCERT OF THIS SEASON.—We must remind our readers of that which we announced last week,—that the first Philharmonic concert will take place to-night, at the Apollo Saloon. We hear with unfeigned pleasure that the members perform with greatly increased vigour and unity in consequence of becoming more familiar with mutual practice; that they are greatly strengthened in artistic skill, and are likely to elicit both force and

beauty in their performances. There is greatly enlarged room on the audience part of the room, by the addition of the gallery, for it is not intended to increase the number of tickets. We have been informed that it is intended to open the concert with Beethoven's 7th Symphony; a noble composition.

LA DANCE DES DIABLES.—By S. Duggan. This composition is a highly scientific fantasia for the pianoforte upon a motif the idea of which is furnished by the celebrated Tarantella. It is exceedingly well wrought out, evincing great musical taste, and skill in composition; it is more difficult however than it looks, and in every respect it entitles Mr. Duggan to take good rank among composers for the pianoforte. This musician will be remembered here as the excellent chorus master at the National theatre under Wallack's management. The work is published by Millet of Broadway, nearly opposite to Gothic Hall.

* * **Concert Meister Knoop** will arrive in this city in the course of next week; he will give a concert in the week ensuing, when we may be likely to enjoy an artistic treat of the highest character. *M. Knoop* as a violinist is of the most distinguished eminence, and he never disgraces the dignity of science by paltry charlatanerie.

PARISIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, October 10th, 1843.

"*Lambert Simnel*," a posthumous opera by Hypolite Monpou, and which has been finished and arranged for the orchestra by Adolphe Adam, has obtained the most decided success. The French Opera Comique is also engaged in preparing for performance two or three other valuable works; thus there will not be wanting to this delicious theatre, abundance of excellent novelty.

The Royal Academy of Music is in active rehearsal of "*Don Sebastian*," which is spoken of, in anticipation, in terms of high commendation. This very important work of Donizetti is expected to make the fortune of the opera—it is announced for the first representation in the middle of November (the present month).

The *Theatre Italien* will be more fashionable than ever this winter, at Paris. "*Maria di Rohan*" is most impatiently expected; Donizetti, who attaches great importance to the success of this work, has added to the original composition, a finale, a duet, and a new part for Brambilla. "*Maria di Rohan*" will be sung by Grisi, Brambilla, Mario, and Ronconi. The opening of the theatre took place on the 3d inst., (Oct.) with "*Lucia di Lammermoor*."

An Italian Theatre is about to be organised at St. Petersburg; Rubini, Tamburini, and Madame Viardot (Pauline Garcia) will form part of the force therein.

H. Viuztemps, the prince of violinists is in London, and proposes to visit New-York after a few months sojourn in England.

Italian music is likely to become the prevailing school throughout Europe. At Warsaw the Italian theatre has caused absolutely a *furor*; and will there become permanent.

The Musical Fetes at Brussels which are given every autumn, have been very remarkable this year. *Handel's* oratorio of "*Judas Maccabeus*"; *Beethoven's* "*Mount of Olives*"; the first part of *Durante's* "*Magnificat*"; the grand chorus of *Handel's* "*Alexander's Feast*"; *Mehul's* "*Grand overture with the choruses*"; *Cherubini's* Hymn and Motet "*Inclina Domine*"; *Haydn's* trio in "*The Creation*," and *Ries's* grand overture and triumphant march. The performers were not fewer than eight hundred in number.

Literary Notices.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The new year approaches; always a period of festival and rejoicing, it is likewise with many a period at which tokens of affection or of esteem are exchanged, and these tokens are not unfrequently selected from books of acknowledged intrinsic value and utility, or of a tasteful and ornamental nature. That upon which we now comment falls within both these descriptions, being not only upon a subject all but necessary to every person of education, and executed in a popular style with a most extensive scope of subject, but liberally—we might almost say profusely—embellished with wood engravings in the highest style of the art; and greatly illustrative of the comprehensive matter of the text. Of the original work, which terminated with the reign of George II., we need say the less, as we believe it is in the possession of every reading person; but it may be well to inform the public that the original editors are carrying out their design beyond its first limits, and will bring up their History of England as nearly to the present juncture as the completion of public events will permit. A third supplementary volume is completed, which closes the eighteenth century, and the supplement includes a copious and well written account of the American and the French revolutions, with valuable biographical notices and illustrative episodes. We cannot too strongly recommend this Pictorial History, because it truly is—as the title expresses—a history of the people, as well as of public events. It is imported and for sale by Mr. E. Baldwin, 155 Broadway, sole agent to the London publishers of the work.

NARRATIVE OF THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF MONSIEUR VIOLET.—Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B.—New York. Harpers; also an edition by Winchester.—Without taking up time by assuring our readers of what they probably anticipate, that these two editions are neatly got up, and that the contents are highly amusing, we must say a few words as to the origin of the work. There is a report current that it is substantially a rank plagiarism; that the greater part of what is stated therein was detailed in friendly converse by Mr. Kendal, the accomplished editor of the New Orleans "*Picayune*," to Capt. Marryat, and that he has unscrupulously committed them to paper, and given them to the world without that honourable acknowledgment which is expected of a man of letters, education, and delicacy.

"If it was so, it was a grievous fault."

But there is another report, equally rife among us, that whereas Capt. Marryat

believed he was humbugging the world, when after all it was Mr. Kendal humbugging him. All this matters little to the reader however, if his object be entertainment rather than information, for it abounds in description, incident, adventure, and all that can excite wonderment and please credulity.

GEROLSTEIN.—*A Sequel to the Mysteries of Paris.*—This also is published both by the Harpers and by Winchester. It is a small pamphlet, concluding the life of the fair heroine *Fleur de Marie*.

MR. DUER'S SPEECH AT THE LATE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.—This celebrated speech which elicited so much admiration, both for its logic and for the tone and spirit which dictated it, has just been published by the Harpers, under the speaker's own revision.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER, 1843.—The reprint by Leonard Scott & Co., of this excellent Review, has just appeared; it is a highly interesting number, and is very creditably got up.

SERMONS, BY DOW JUNIOR.—These sermons have been of standard interest as they appeared from time to time in "*The Sunday Mercury*," a highly entertaining weekly of this city. They are now collected into a neat pamphlet, and will be found a source of much gratification to their readers.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ENGRAVED IN ORIGINAL AND VERY SUPERIOR STYLE FOR

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

We have at length the pleasure to announce that our long-promised engraving of WASHINGTON is out of the hands of the distinguished engraver, Mr. J. Halpin, to whose skill it was confided, and that it will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days. We have examined it with pleasure and pride, and notwithstanding the bias which every one is believed to have in favour of that which is his own, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is *by far* the best executed portrait of Washington that has been engraved in the United States. It is a literal copy from the Painting, by the celebrated American artist, Gilbert Stuart, which at present adorns the State house at Hartford, Connecticut, and which has been pronounced by many, who knew the great American patriot in his latter years, as a most correct likeness. The price of such an engraving, under ordinary circumstances, would be considerably greater than that of a year's subscription to THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but the number of copies which we venture to presume will be required, induce us to enter upon so expensive an enterprise. We must, however, be distinctly understood when we say that this plate of WASHINGTON cannot be given to any but to present subscribers who have paid their full year in advance, and to new Subscribers who shall pay for a full year or more in advance. It must be obvious that to none other can so expensive a present be afforded. The price to non-subscribers will be upon the lowest scale that circumstances will permit, namely—Prints, two dollars—Proofs, three dollars.

Park Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 18.—1st night of Mr. HACKETT'S Engagement—1st part of "*Henry IV.*"—Falstaff, Mr. Hackett.

TUESDAY—Mr. Wallack's Benefit, and last appearance of Messrs. WALLACK and BOOTH, prior to their departure for New Orleans—"Julius Cæsar" and "*The Wonder*,"—Brutus, and Don Felix, Mr. Wallack, and Casius, Mr. Booth.

WEDNESDAY—The last night but one of Mr. Hackett's Engagement—"The Merry Wives of Windsor,"—Falstaff, Mr. Hackett.

THURSDAY—Mad. DAMOREAU CINTI is engaged for two nights only, and will appear in 3 favorite Scenes.

FRIDAY—Last night but one of Mr. Hackett's Engagement.

SATURDAY—Mr. Hackett's last night prior to his departure for the South.

A GRADUATE of a distinguished University, with the best Academic, as well as personal qualifications of character, is desirous of devoting a few hours of the day or evening to the private tuition of the junior members of a family, in the Elementary Branches of Classic and English education. A line addressed T. H., at the Office of the Anglo American, will be promptly attended to. Nov. 11.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following—

The "*Principality Pen*," No. 1, extra fine points.

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The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

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The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph Gillott" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "Gillott's," also for sale. Nov. 4-15.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "*Phil. Sat. Courier*," "*Post*," and "*Museum*;" Boston "*Uncle Sam*," "*Yankee Nation*," and "*Boston Pilot*;" "*Anglo American*," "*New Mirror*," "*Weekly Herald*," "*Brother Jonathan*," "*New World*," "*Rover*," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, Aug. 19-15.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREAKS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archbold, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven.ble Archbishop Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul, Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Dreyer, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Plüster, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Slark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-15.

For the Anglo American.
TO "F—."

When first thy fingers swept
The sweet, neglected lyre—
And thoughts that slept in gloom
Burst out in gleaming fire:
Then, didst thou not around me cast
A radiance all too bright to last?

I look upon the past!
A dark-eyed boy I see,
Who sung such mournful strains,
And sung them unto me;
He breathed thy thoughts,—possessed thy name,
And Fancy says, ye are the same!

Oh! then my youthful soul
Leaped from its happy rest,
And love, and hope, and truth,
Glowed in my guileless breast;
I looked on thee as some pure star
That shineth in the heavens afar.

Dark shadows spanned the sky;
The beaming star grew pale;
They told me thou wert false,
And I believed the tale;
I smiled, and took the trifler's part,
And cast thee from my trusting heart.

I saw thy dark eyes fill
With sorrow's bitter tears,
And oh! I longed to tell
My wavering doubts and fears;
But with a few words, stern and low,
Thou didst from me forever go!

We never yet have met
Since that dark day of yore;
Thou scorn'st a quiet love,
And I could give no more.
But now, I often sigh to know
That thy young life is steeped in woe.

When twilight spreads around
Her dusky-fringed wing,
I strike my spirit's harp
And softly to thee sing;
Remembrance sheds her sweetest tears,
Till evening's herald star appears.

Sometimes this fancy comes,
(And truthful it may be),
That he, who sings so sweet,
Did never sing to me!
If so, give not these lines a name,
But fling them in the quivering flame!

C. S.

Varieties.

Why is a lean moarch like a studious man?—Because he is a thin-king.
A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus:—"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

What class in the legal profession may be considered as most gentleman-like, and why?—Conveyancers, because they establish a title to good manners (manors).

A certain judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several *small* suits into court, and remarked that it would have been much better for all parties had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of two or three honest men. "Please your honour," retorted the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them."

As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well known individual of weak intellect. "Pray," said the Professor, accosting him, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied Jemmy, scratching his head; "how auld are ye yoursel'?"

How Did it Happen?—A remarkable phenomenon occurred a few days ago on the Brighton railway. A gentleman and lady were sitting opposite to each other, the lady having a piece of court-plaster on her lip. On emerging from one of the dark tunnels marvellous to relate, the court-plaster was observed to have passed over to the gentleman's lip!

A PORTRAIT!—When a certain lady who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begged that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the wish of the fair enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms: "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small-pox!"

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage-coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache!—to which he replied, "No, ma'm; I have been married twenty-eight years."

CONFIRMATION STRONG.—An apothecary being with a large company of his neighbours boasted that a patient, who had been many months confined to his bed, under the care of another apothecary, was out in two-four hours after he had begun to attend him. "Yes, (replied a person present), I know this to be the fact; I met him yesterday going to be buried."

ROYAL SPORTING.—According to the language of the *Court Circular*, published by us and our contemporaries, the Russian Grand Duke Michel, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c. occupied their morning with some extraordinary sporting: the illustrious party, it is said, "shot at the farm," and had "excellent sport;" but it is not announced whether or not they hit it. A little while ago we were told that Prince Albert "shot from a horse at the Merfins Herald."

NEVER TOO WISE TO LEARN.—Sir Robert Peel has been studying Animal Magnetism under Dr. Elliotson; and it is supposed his object is either to throw Daniel O'Connell into mesmeric sleep, for the purpose of amputating his "tail;" or else to produce in himself that peculiar state called *clairvoyance*, which on many recent occasions he would have found particularly useful.

Punch.

How to procure SINGING MICE.—First catch your mouse, and then mesmerise his "Organ of Tune."

THE BEST GUIDE-BOOK.—"When I went," says Collins, the artist, "to bid Sir David Wilkie farewell, a day or two before he left home for his last journey, I found him in high spirits, enlarging, with all his high enthusiasm, on the immense advantage he might derive from painting upon holy land, on the very ground on which the event he was about to embody had actually occurred. To make a study at Bethlehem from some young female and child, seemed to me one great incentive to his journey. I asked him if he had any guide book. He said 'Yes, and the very best;' and then unlocking his travelling box he showed me a pocket Bible. I never saw him again; but the Bible throughout Judea, was, I am assured, his best and only hand-book." Life of Wilkie.

An agree in the spring is physic for a king.—An apple, an egg, and a nut, you may eat after a slug.—A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.—He that would live for age, must eat sage in May.—An egg and to bed.—He that goes to bed thirsty rises healthy.—Cheese is a peevish elf; it digests all but itself.—Better be meals few than one too many.—Never touch your eye but with your elbow.—Of wine the middle, of oil the top, and of honey the bottom.—The air of a window is the stroke of a cross-bow.—Drink in the morning starting, then all the day be sparing. Kitcher's Practical Medicine.

JOURNEY AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE.—John Kilburn, well known on the turf as a list seller, was in a town in Bedfordshire, and, according to a sporting phrase, quite broke down; it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, at which place he was born; and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond jail," which, with the chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoped they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables on their arrival at the jail accosted the keeper with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well; it is Kilburn; I have known him for many years." "We suppose he has broken out of your jail, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark." "A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them any further trouble. I've got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it; I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

A GRATEFUL WISH.—A few years ago, one of the superintendents felt convinced that the Adelphi Theatre was on fire. He communicated his fears to Mr. Yates; and on examination it proved that they were too well grounded. It had broken out in an enclosed space between the stage and a store-room. The entrance to the quarter where the danger existed could only be effected by a person of the most diminutive size, and a puny little chimney-sweeper was selected for the task, and his black excellency succeeded to admiration. He was very much scorched, and was immediately taken into Salter's, where everything was done to promote his comfort. Yates in person attended to the little fellow, and on leaving him said, "You're a fine lad; and remember, if I ever hear of you passing the Adelphi Theatre without coming into my house and getting as much to eat and drink as you can take, I'll beat you as blue as you are black. Meantime, here is a sovereign for you." "What! all this money for me?" "Certainly, my boy." "Ha! ha!" chuckled the imp of soot, "God bless your honour! I wish your chimney may be on fire every day in the year!" Dramatic and Musical Review.

NEW VOLUME.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, OF ENLARGED DIMENSIONS,

DEVOTED TO ENTERTAINING LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, POLITICS, DEBATES, COMMERCE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, GENERAL CRITICISM, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

A New Volume of this Journal will be commenced on Saturday next, the 28th inst., and continued as usual every Saturday.

The Plan and conduct of this Journal having now been so long before the public, the Proprietors flatter themselves that they may venture to express their hope that *THE ANGLO AMERICAN* has sustained the pretensions which were originally asserted for it. This at least they can say, that they have faithfully endeavoured to make it the vehicle of solid and useful information, polite literature of the most approved grade, interesting in its subjects, amusing and agreeable in its selections, pure in its morals, moderate in its discussions, and consistent in its principles.

The liberal patronage of "troops of friends" has not only enabled it to frown down illiberal attacks from vindictive yet impotent malice, but has also enabled the Proprietors to make valuable arrangements both at home and abroad, for original contributions in every department of literature and information; through which means it is confidently trusted that *THE ANGLO AMERICAN* will be found the most interesting, the most abounding in useful matter, and the cheapest Weekly Publication issued upon this Continent.

The first Volume of this work is accompanied by a beautiful mezzotint engraving of King Louis Philippe, which Portrait was presented to the subscribers who paid in advance for one year. The forthcoming Plate from this office consists of a magnificent full-length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

executed in the highest style of art, and upon a splendid scale. In size it is 24 Inches by 16 Inches; it will be printed on super-imperial paper, and will be fully worthy of a place in the most distinguished apartment of any house; in short the Proprietors do not scruple to say that it will far surpass any other subject of American art on the same scale. This Portrait they design to present to Yearly Subscribers only, who shall have paid in advance. The Plate is just finished and will be ready for issue in a week or two.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN is published every Saturday at the office of the Proprietors, No. 6 Ann Street. Terms, Three Dollars per annum, to be paid invariably in advance, and no deviation will in any case be made from the *Cash plan of Subscription*. The Journal is printed on superior paper, with a beautiful type cast expressly for the work; it contains as large a quantity of matter as any other Newspaper in this country; the letter press is diligently and carefully read, to free it from typographical errors, and the press-work neatly and clearly executed.

* Agents dealt with on the usual terms. All orders, &c., to be addressed to E. L. GARVIN & Co., Publishers, No. 6 Ann Street, New York.